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THE RED COCKADE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE MARQUIS DE ST. ALAIS.

WHEN we reached the terraced walk, which my father made a little before his death, and which, running under the windows at the rear of the château, separates the house from the new lawn, St. Alais looked round him with eyes of scarcely veiled contempt.

"What have you done with the garden?" he asked, his lips curling.

"My father removed it to the other side of the house," I answered.

"Out of sight?"

"Yes," I said. "It is beyond the rose-garden."

"English fashion," he answered, with a polite sneer. "And you prefer to see all this grass from your windows?"

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"And that plantation," he continued; "it hides the village, I suppose, from the house?"

"Yes."

He laughed. "Yes," he said, "I notice that that is the way of your friends who prate of the people and freedom and fraternity. They love the people, but they love them at a distance—on the farther side of a park or a high yew hedge. Now at St. Alais I like to have my folks under my eye, and then if they do not behave there is the *carcan*. By-the-way, what have you done with yours, Vicomte? It used to stand opposite the entrance."

"I have burned it," I said, feeling the blood mount to my temples.

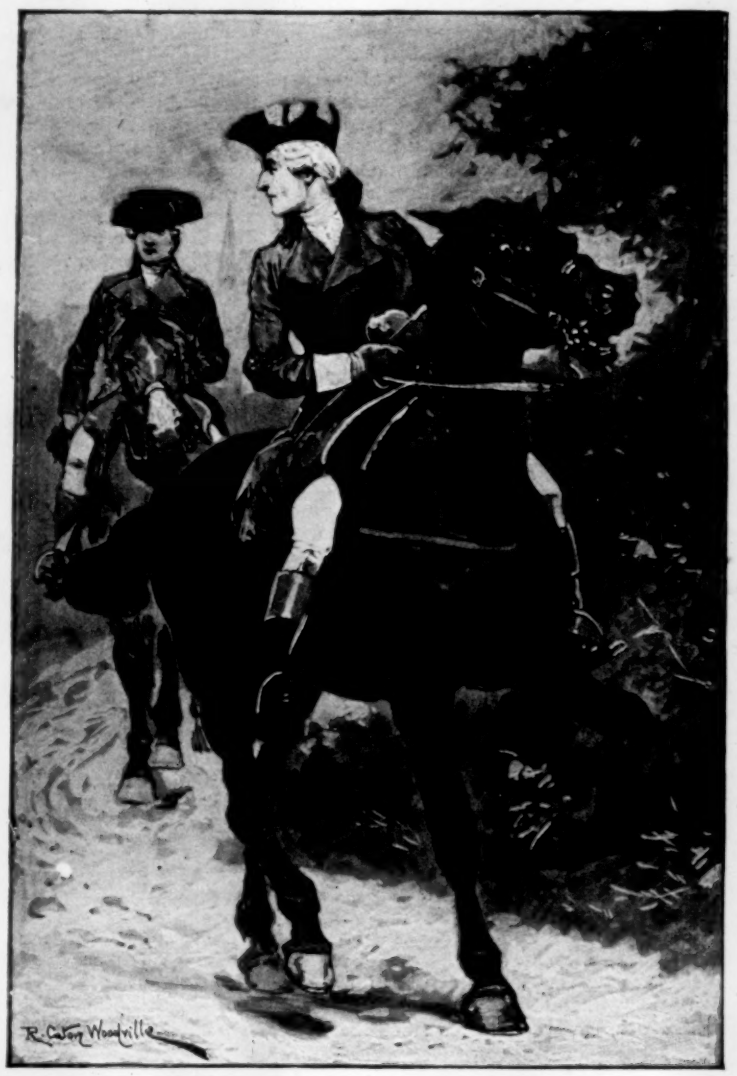
"Your father did?" he answered, looking surprised.

"No," I said, stubbornly, hating myself for being ashamed of that before St. Alais of which I had been proud enough when alone. "I did; I burned it last winter. I think the day of such things is past."

The Marquis was not my senior by more than five years; but those five years, spent in Paris and Versailles, gave him a wondrous advantage, and I felt his look of contemptuous surprise as if it had been a blow. However, he did not say anything in answer; but after a momentary pause he changed the subject and began to speak of my father, recalling him and things in connection with him in a tone of respect and affection that in a moment disarmed my resentment.

"The first time that I shot a bird on the wing it was with him," he said, with that wonderful charm of manner that had been St. Alais's even in boyhood.

"'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE GARDEN?' HE ASKED."



"I SAW ONLY THE HAVOC CAUSED BY THE GREAT FROSTS."

"Twelve years ago," I said.

"Even so, monsieur," he replied, with a laughing bow. "There was a small boy with bare legs who ran after me in those days, and called me Victor, and thought me the greatest of men. I little dreamed that he would ever live to expound the rights of man to me. And, Dieu! I must keep Louis from you, or you will make him as great a reformer as yourself. However," he continued, with a smile and an easy gesture, "I did not come here to talk of him, but of some one, M. le Vicomte, in whom you should feel greater interest."

I felt the blood mount to my temples again, but for a different reason.

"Mademoiselle has come home?" I said.

"Yesterday," he answered. "She will go with my mother to Cahors to-morrow, and have her first peep at the world. I do not doubt that among the many new things she will see, none will interest her more than the Vicomte de Saux."

"Mademoiselle is well?" I said, clumsily.

"Perfectly," he answered, with grave politeness. "But you will see for yourself to-morrow evening—if we do not meet on the road. I dare say that you will like a week or so to commend yourself to her, M. le Vicomte. After that, whenever Madame le Marquise and you can settle the date and so forth, the match had better come off—while I am here."

I bowed. I had been expecting to hear this for a week past; but from Louis, who was like a brother to me, not from Victor. The latter had indeed been my boyish idol, but that was years ago, before court life and a long stay at Versailles and St. Cloud had changed him into the splendid-looking man I saw before me, the raillery of whose eye I found it as difficult to meet as I found it impossible to match the aplomb of his manner. Still I strove to make such acknowledgments as became me, with that nice mixture of self-respect, politeness, and devotion which I knew that the occasion, formally treated, required. But my tongue stumbled, and in a moment he relieved me.

"Well, you must tell that to Denise," he said, pleasantly. "Doubtless you will find her a patient listener. At first, of course," he continued, pulling on his gauntlets, "she will be a little shy. I have no doubt that the good Sisters have brought her up to regard a man in much the same light as a wolf; but, *eh bien mon ami!* women are women after all, and in a week or two you will commend yourself. We may hope, then, to see you to-morrow evening, if not before?"

"Most certainly, M. le Marquis."

"Why not Victor?" he answered, laying his hand on my arm with a touch of the

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THE GOVERNMENT AND BANKING.

IT is doubtful if any one outside of the Treasury Department and a few Congressmen who, like Mr. SPRINGER, have devoted their energies and their ingenuities to the preparation of a bill, expects that a new banking or currency law will be placed upon the statute-book at the present session. Certainly the measure now pending ought not to become a law, and it is doubtful if one can be prepared at Washington which will meet with the approval of sound financiers. The initial difficulty seems to be that, from Secretary CARLISLE down, the wits of the bill-framers are directed to devising a scheme that will obtain the votes of men of various and often conflicting views. The plan which comes from the Treasury Department, for example, and is endorsed by Mr. CLEVELAND, is calculated to gain the friendship of the silver men by retiring national bank notes of denominations smaller than ten dollars; it is also addressed to the large number of persons who believe that the State bank circulation should be revived; and it embodies a halting effort of the Secretary to rid himself of the legal tenders, which constitute a threatening body of demand notes against any gold that he may have.

Now that the country has this question of banking and currency to settle, the problem ought to be approached with a due sense of its seriousness, and of the obligation of every one having any authority or any word in the matter to do his utmost to attain that which he believes to be absolutely the best solution, and the one that will endure without change for the longest time. Judged by this test, the changed and doctored measure which Mr. SPRINGER, speaking for the Treasury Department, is urging through the House of Representatives is hardly worthy of serious attention. It is a makeshift on a subject in which makeshifts are fraught with danger to the material interests of the country. It cannot accomplish any single object which Mr. CARLISLE himself has in view. It cannot make circulation elastic, because it makes it unprofitable. Indeed, under present conditions of the money market, circulation under the proposed plan will be much less profitable than it is under the present system. It will keep alive the silver question, which appears to be dying out, and it will not satisfy those who are looking to State banks to furnish the cure for present currency ills, because it is so framed that State banks will not issue circulation under its provisions.

The best way to deal with any question is the frank and honest way. The relations of the government to the banking interests of the country have turned out disastrously for both. The government's coin is at the mercy of the holders of its paper, and the banks are unable to respond to the demands of business for currency. In 1893, when the demand for currency in this country was clamorous, the national banks were able to increase their circulation about $30,000,000. This year, when the demand is small, the banks are unable to decrease their circulation materially. In Canada the bank circulation fell, in May of this year, to $28,467,718, nearly the lowest point it had reached in ten years; and in October, when money was needed for the transportation of the crops, it rose to $34,516,651. In this country bank circulation has decreased as bank capital has increased, while in Canada capital and circulation have run together on parallel lines. In this country the government makes circulation dependent upon its debt, not only limiting it, but making it expensive. In Canada none of a bank's capital is locked up in bonds or wasted in premiums on them, while the banks, with two exceptions, are permitted to issue circulation to the full amount of their paid-up capital. The Dominion government requires monthly reports, makes the notes a first lien on the bank's assets, exacts a double liability of shareholders, and compels a five-per-cent. safety fund for failed banks. Under the Canadian system only one bank—the Commercial Bank of Manitoba—has failed, and so ample was the security for its notes considered that, as they bore interest from the date of its suspension, most of them were bought up by other banks as an investment.

The Canadian plan is not offered as a model, but as an illustration of a rational system of governmental relations with the business of banking. It is a system of this character at least which ought to take the place of the present national bank system in the United States. Precisely what the details of the system should be is a question to be settled by bankers themselves. The primary concern of the government is to be relieved of the responsibilities and liabilities of banking. It is clear from Mr. CARLISLE'S plan and from his report that he entertains the right view of the functions of the Treasury Department. He is anxious to withdraw the government paper from circulation, and to base bank circulation upon bank assets instead of on the government debt. The very defects of the bill show this. Its requirement that the banks shall deposit thirty per cent. of their circulation is really not so much for the establishment of a guarantee fund as for the purpose of indirectly and temporarily withdrawing a possible $225,000,000 of legal tenders from circulation. But bankers say, and with reason, that this deposit of legal tenders in the Treasury Department, this absolute destruction of the earning capacity of so much of their capital, will make the business of issuing bank notes unprofitable.

Who is to settle this proposition? Not the government officials or the law-makers of Congress certainly. Long experience has demonstrated that, with few exceptions, the politicians who are sent to Congress or who become members of the cabinet are not capable of mastering the intricacies of the banking business. For the settlement of all details, a currency or monetary commission ought to be appointed; but the general principle should be laid down, and should become the basis of any legislation, that the government will have no relation with banking except that of supervision. Beyond a certain point, note issues should be restricted by a heavy tax; but, aside from such restraint, the government should leave circulation free to increase or diminish with the requirements of business. The experience of the Canadian banks shows that business demands an average yearly circulation amounting to about fifty per cent. of the banking capital, so there is little danger of over note issues.

When Congress comes together after the holiday recess, Mr. CARLISLE ought to cause Mr. SPRINGER to withdraw the pending bill, and to introduce a measure providing for a commission of experts, instructed to prepare a plan which shall dissolve the partnership of the government with banking, which shall provide for the retirement, by funding or redemption, of the legal tenders and the Treasury notes, and for the establishment of a national banking system the notes of which shall be based on the assets of the banks, and concerning which the government shall have no duties except for the protection of the note-holders. The bill that becomes a law ought to be the best that can be prepared by the Treasury Department with the assistance of the suggested commission, and not the best that can be obtained in spite of the ignorance of currency questions now prevailing in Congress. Something better than can be obtained immediately ought to be expected after the thorough discussion of a sound measure.

THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

MR. ALFRED H. LOVE, the president of the Universal Peace Union, sends us for "editorial notice" a paper containing an appeal to the German Emperor asking that monarch to give up to France, by voluntary act, that part of Alsace-Lorraine in which the population still uses the French language. Mr. LOVE thinks that "this restitution will establish a lasting bond of friendship between the two nations, and thus in all probability be the first step toward disarmament, perhaps even a guarantee of universal peace." He also thinks it "evident that the realization of this suggestion depends essentially on one condition: that the masses of the people in France and Germany be thoroughly informed of the fact that Alsace-Lorraine consists of two parts, the western speaking French, the eastern speaking German," this fact being "almost unknown to the masses of the people both in France and Germany."

We need not affirm that we are most sincerely and heartily in favor of universal peace. Every reasonable method or policy calculated to prevent armed conflicts and to promote concord and friendly intercourse between nations will always have our warmest support. But sometimes it happens that zealous peace-makers, prompted by the most laudable of motives, will without due consideration of circumstances do things more apt to stir up than to allay existing irritations. We are inclined to think that the movement recommended by Mr. LOVE belongs to this class. It labors under three difficulties: there is not the slightest chance, as everybody who knows anything of public sentiment in Germany will testify, of persuading the German Emperor, or the German Reichstag, or the German people, voluntarily to give up any part of Alsace-Lorraine; there is not the least prospect, as everybody who knows the French will testify, of conciliating those in France who cherish the idea of a war of revenge against Germany, by restoring to France only the French-speaking strip of the lost provinces; and if, in spite of all this, such an arrangement could really be effected, it would, instead of removing the danger of war, rather be calculated to bring it on. A candid review of the existing situation will prove this.

There were two different reasons moving the Germans after their victory over the French in 1871 to demand the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. The one might be called a sentimental reason. All Alsace and the greater part of Lorraine had been old German territory taken by the French. The capture of Strasburg under LOUIS XIV. especially had left bitter memories. After the close of the Napoleonic wars there had been a strong feeling in Germany demanding the reannexation of the old German countries, which was baffled by the diplomatic arrangements of the Congress of Vienna in 1815. The same national aspiration arose again in 1871 with such intensity that the government of the newly created German Empire could hardly disregard it. But it was also strongly supported by a military reason; and while the sentimental movement might have been satisfied with that part of Alsace-Lorraine in which German was still the language of the people, strategical considerations, having the national defence in view, demanded for Germany a strong western frontier, including the great fortress of Metz, with the adjacent country. The establishment of this strong defensive frontier was thought necessary because it was foreseen that the French would seek an opportunity for revenging themselves for the defeats suffered at the hands of the Germans, even if not a square foot of territory had been taken from them, and because the French jingoes had been ever since the great French Revolution clamoring for all the German country on the left bank of the Rhine, the "frontier of the Rhine," so called, not as if they had the faintest shadow of a right to it, but simply because it suited them to have it.

Whether the Germans were justified in taking Alsace-Lorraine as the spoil of victory for such reasons is not the question here. In point of fact they did take it for those reasons; and it is very obvious that being still of the same mind they cannot be persuaded to restore to the French the fortress of Metz, which in the mean time has been immensely strengthened, and the adjacent country, simply because a majority of the population there still speak French. It must be kept in mind at the same time that the Germans are indeed a military but a peaceable nation, and at present especially peaceable in their relations with France, because they are satisfied with the *status quo*. They do not covet further conquests in that quarter. They wish to keep what they have, and will fight to defend it; but nothing can be farther from the German mind than a war against France, except in self-defence.

On the other hand, the French are not satisfied with the *status quo*. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine is by no means the only cause of their dissatisfaction. Of course they resent the loss of those provinces as a humiliation to their pride. But their main grievance is a different one. It consists in the existence of the united German Empire in the centre of the European Continent overshadowing France as a great power. It has always been the policy of France to keep Germany disunited and feeble. The consolidation of the various German principalities into one great national mass, constituting a war power of enormous strength, and that consolidation effected by two victories over the French—one diplomatic victory achieved by BISMARCK when he outwitted NAPOLEON III. at the time of the Austrian war and the formation of the North German Confederacy in 1866, and the other a victory of arms won in the Franco German war; this is the real grievance of the French. This grievance will exist as long as the German Empire exists; and it would have existed if the Germans had never thought of curtailing the French territory by a single square foot. It is obvious that such a grievance cannot be assuaged by the mere restoration to France of about one-fourth part of Alsace-Lorraine on the ground that the people there still speak French, nor by the retrocession of the whole of the annexed territory.

How, then, have those two countries remained at peace during the twenty-three years that have elapsed since the Franco-German war? Simply

because the Germans, satisfied with the *status quo*, had not the slightest wish to break that peace; and because the French, although they had a grievance, and seemed to be several times on the point of striking at Germany, every time recoiled from the dangerous risk they would have incurred in doing so. And one of the circumstances which made the risk of an attack on Germany appear especially hazardous and uninviting was the uncommon strength of Germany's defensive frontier owing to the great fortresses of Metz and Strasburg. It is not at all improbable, nay, it is almost certain, that in the crazy BOULANGER days the French would actually have precipitated a war upon Germany had not the two formidable frontier fortresses held by the Germans, each capable of sheltering an army of 250,000 men, made an invasion of German soil from the west so discouragingly perilous. The possession of these fortresses by Germany, which means practically the possession of Alsace-Lorraine, is therefore rather a guaranty of peace than an incitement to war. The motives of Mr. LOVE and of the Universal Peace Union over which he presides, are, of course, above question. But if the movement he asks the press to advance really assumed any serious proportions, it would soon be found, instead of serving the cause of peace, only to render more feverish an irritation which cannot be cured by small remedies.

BIPARTISANSHIP NOT NON-PARTISANSHIP.

THE new Legislature is charged with duties of grave importance to the State. If the Republican leaders are wise they will see to it that these duties are discharged in such a manner as to strengthen their party, and increase its popularity with the voters. If they are to avail themselves of their opportunity, however, they must be moved by a new spirit—the spirit that inspired the people of the State to defeat the HILL-MURPHY-SHEEHAN and CROKER machine, and the people of the city to drive Tammany out of power. The power of PLATT that dominated the Legislature last winter must not be apparent this year if the Republican party is to gain and retain popular approval. The weak point in the legislative branch of the government is the Senate. It was not changed or touched by the uprising of last fall. It remains what it was a year ago, when PLATT ordered and its Republican majority obeyed. It will be recollected that it was PLATT who first announced that there was no evidence that would warrant an investigation of the Tammany officials of this city, and Senators LEXOW and O'CONNOR echoed him. Popular wrath aroused against the determination of the PLATT Republicans not to conduct any investigation, but to take advantage of the exposures of Tammany's corruption only for the purpose of securing a division of the spoils, compelled the appointment of the LEXOW committee. The richness of the prize extorted by blackmailing vice, through the partnership of officials with criminals, by bribes from intimidated business men and helpless foreigners, has been revealed by the testimony of the men who have been engaged in the corrupt practices. The strength of the temptation to make the Police Commission bipartisan is known. That a partnership with CROKER should be desired by a politician like PLATT is not strange. But the Republican party cannot retain its advantage if it is to permit the leadership that is prone to yield to that temptation. Its majority in the Senate is justly an object of suspicion, for in the closing hours of the last session it was a trio of Republican Senators who prevented the enactment of a law giving to the Mayor of New York the power to remove the heads of departments.

There are many subjects that will be brought before the Legislature in which good citizens within and without the State have long been interested. Now that the force of public opinion in behalf of good government has been felt, and all the branches of the government are placed in Republican hands on promises of reform, and now that the sinister influence of DAVID B. HILL has been destroyed, it is expected that a blanket-ballot law and a corrupt-practices law will be placed upon the statute-books. There is, moreover, a subject that must come before the Legislature that will be of interest to the whole country, and especially to every municipality within it. It will be incumbent upon this Legislature not only to frame and enact laws concerning New York city to the end that the fruits of the victory over Tammany may be reaped, but a law under which the Greater New York is to be governed. This presents the gravest problem with which any law-making body in this country can deal. The investigation made by the LEXOW committee, under the compulsion of public sentiment, has more than verified the belief that municipal government is the weakest spot in our republican system of government. The form under which the affairs of this city have been administered has been found to have resulted in such a condition of public disorder and disease that it is on the point of collapse. It is absolutely necessary for the Legislature to find a remedy.

No one who recognizes the true significance of the victory over Tammany is willing to admit that good city government cannot be had with a republican or democratic form of government. When good citizens are aroused the bad must go under. Under our present form, however, the bad citizen who devotes himself sedulously and entirely to the business of politics has the advantage over the good citizen. What the Legislature should bear in mind in framing any law for the reform of our present city government, or for the government of the consolidated city—assuming that the people's mandate is obeyed in that respect—is to bring the exercise of the functions of government near to the people, so that the largest possible public interest in their right performance may be maintained. Equally important is it that party politics shall not prevail in municipal affairs. No law, of course, can put an absolute end to this perversion of what ought to be the true object of political parties; but the law can recognize parties as entitled to some consideration in the administration of city affairs, and there is clearly a dangerous tendency among those whose intentions are good to be led by the wary into the devious path of bipartisanship. Bipartisanship is one of the worst forms of partisanship. The provision for bipartisan election boards, which was honestly designed for the purpose of securing fair elections, and for preventing frauds on either of the two great parties, is a bad feature of the new Constitution. Bipartisanship is simply a basis for deals and trades, whereby the dishonest men of two parties are set loose amid the spoils. Under such a system there is no party interested to discover the rascality of the other. There can be no such protection for honest citizens as that which comes from constant vigilance of men ambitious for municipal honors. Bipartisanship is a recognition of national parties in municipal affairs, and of the theory that city offices are spoils for politicians. New York has had enough of bipartisan government. Until very recently its Police Commission has been bipartisan. This did not only not purify the police, but protected the corruptionists from the interference of Republican Legislatures. Among the fruits of the LEXOW investigation so far are the driving of a Republican commissioner from office, the conviction of a Republican captain for bribery, and the implication of a Republican inspector in blackmailing. The Republicans on the commission have turned out to be as bad as the Tammany men; and it is a Republican commissioner who, after Captain SCHMITTBERGER'S confession, warned all others intending to follow his and Captain CREEDEN'S example that the Police Commission would not keep any promises of immunity that might be made by the investigating committee. If any system of local government has been absolutely discredited by the investigation of the LEXOW committee, it is that to which the name of bipartisan has been appropriately given.

What New York and all other municipalities of the country need is not a division of their offices among the politicians of two parties, but the election of the best citizens to those offices, no matter what may be their opinions on questions of national politics. It is the spirit of nonpartisanship, and not of bipartisanship, that the Legislature should recognize and encourage.

DESPOTIC RUSSIA.

WHEN ALEXANDER III. died there was a general lamentation in Europe over the loss of the Czar whose powerful influence had been for peace. What had happened during his reign of thirteen years within Russia was for the moment forgotten, and ALEXANDER figured in the obituary columns of European and American newspapers as a beneficent ruler whose vast resources and great army had kept the other nations from flying at each other's throats. The tales of oppression, of the arbitrary exercise of power, of persecution and tyranny, seemed to be forgotten.

The truth is, however, that ALEXANDER reigned over a country governed by the will of a single man, or by the fantastic despotism of a corrupt bureaucracy existing and acting with his assent, and not by the law as understood by citizens of free countries. The condition of the Russian people was not ameliorated by the peaceful Czar. Liberty did not advance. An idea remained somewhat hostile to government. The intelligent classes were under suspicion. The effort of the government was directed to the Russification of all its foreign inhabitants. The Jews were driven out. The Poles who loved their country were persecuted. The police shadowed every stranger, blackmailed him, or arrested him without explanation. There was a constant procession of the best Russians, and of innocent people from other countries, to the mines of Siberia. Trial and conviction in accordance with established forms were unknown. There were secret murders by the government police, with apologies to the victim's government if the crime happened to be discovered. The preaching of the gospel by Protestants was rigorously suppressed.

What Russia was under this peaceful Czar is graphically and stirringly described by Mr. POULTNEY BIGELOW in *Czar and Kaiser*, recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The book is partly an account of an attempt made by the author and Mr. FREDERIC REMINGTON, the artist, to make an innocent canoe voyage from Russia to Germany. They were Americans, but they were suspected. Every sketch that REMINGTON made and every note that BIGELOW took awakened the greedy fears of a Russian spy, and they were finally obliged to quit the inhospitable land, to whose starving people America had recently sent ship-loads of grain. But they did not go until they had obtained material for an interesting and illuminating book, which verified the sad tales of Russian mediævalism set forth in what have been falsely judged the partisan narratives of STEPNIAK and KENNAN.

DISCORD IN TAMMANY.

WHAT with investigations and elections, the good easy Tammany man of 1893, who seemed to see a prospect of steadily increasing profit and usefulness in the service of his beloved municipality, and discounted that prospect in his personal expenditures, has become the gloomy and desperate Tammany man of the last days of 1894. It is natural that the Tammany men should lay the blame for the common calamity upon each other, and that those who have been or seem to be about to be incriminated should begin to recriminate.

Nevertheless, it is not clear why Mr. RICHARD CROKER should recriminate upon Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN. The withers of Mr. CROKER are very slightly if at all wrung, and he fails to make it clear that it is Mr. COCKRAN who has subjected them to so much wringing as they have received. Mr. CROKER has certainly been mentioned in connection with the LEXOW committee, and his private fortune has been the object of animadversion on the part of a scurrilous press, which demands evidence that he has acquired it solely by the practice of his public virtues. But he has "retired" from the Tammany business with the fortune in question. He would be a competent, and he could be an interesting and instructive, witness before the LEXOW committee, but as he is neither a member of the uniformed force, nor even a commissioner, Mr. GOFF has not seen his way to calling him. In these circumstances one would suppose that he could receive with equanimity the sneers with which the envious and the malicious assail a good man struggling with prosperity.

But it seems that he cannot, and that he resents the popular suspicion that he has acquired his fortune by his connection with Tammany Hall—a suspicion which he charges, in an astonishing manifesto in the form of an interview, to the evil acts of Mr. BOURKE COCKRAN, who, it seems, has been poisoning the public and the Tammany mind against him. "I have become satisfied," he observes, "that certain publications about the Tammany Hall organization and myself, made since the last election, have been inspired by COCKRAN, and I now have no hesitation in saying that I believe that he has been going around corners to talk about me, and acting in a way that sometimes leads men to be termed informers."

This statement piques curiosity; for obviously a man cannot properly be said to be termed an informer unless he has some information. If Mr. COCKRAN has any about Mr. CROKER he declines to impart it, except "around corners"; for he assured the press reporters that "he did not propose to be drawn into controversy with the author of such stuff" as Mr. CROKER'S manifesto. But then, if Mr. CROKER has a grievance, as he seems to think he has, he can easily redress it without "demanding a personal explanation," as he threatens to do, from Mr. COCKRAN. Let him volunteer a personal explanation for himself. Let him go before the LEXOW committee, and offer to tell, subject to cross-examination, how he did in fact acquire the fortune which evil-minded persons, instigated by COCKRAN, intimate that he irregularly and unlawfully extracted from the people of the city of New York. By so doing he would be at the same time solving an enigma that has baffled many inquirers, contributing by far the most enlightening testimony to the records of the committee that has been furnished by any witness, adding to the gayety of nations, and putting his accusers in general, and the detested COCKRAN in particular, to open shame.

Upon reflection he will see that this is wiser than a demand for a personal explanation from COCKRAN, which we take to forebode the assault with deadly weapons which is in Mr. CROKER'S circle the substitute for an invitation to the field of honor. No judicious counsellor would justify him in calling out a fellow-statesman upon the ground that "he had become satisfied," and that "he had no hesitation in saying that he believed," that his fellow-statesman had been "going around corners to talk about him"; nor even in falling upon him with the informal shillelah. It is to be hoped, however, that a reconciliation may not be effected until the community has secured the advantage which is proverbially promised to it from the fallings out of Tammany leaders.

MEN AND WOMEN IN NEW YORK.

THE census reveals some curious facts about the distribution of New York's excess of women. New York city has 20,000 of them; Brooklyn, 17,000; Albany, 5500; Troy, 5000; Utica, 3000; Rochester, 4000; Syracuse, 1100. They are all, practically, in the larger cities of the State, the one exception being Buffalo, which has 4000 more men than women. It would be interesting to know more about these 4000 superfluous Buffalo men, whether they are Polacks, Italians, lake sailors, canal-boatmen, or merely lively young bachelors from the country in the western part of the State who have gone to Buffalo to seek their fortunes. New York city's business opportunities, which attract crowds of men, seem to attract quite as many women. Yet the excess of women in New York is comparatively small. The city has 45 women to every 44 men, while Brooklyn has 26 women to every 25 men, and Troy 11 women to every 10 men. Why should it happen that in the suburban counties nearest New York there should be more men than women? It would seem that of the population drawn by the metropolis to this end of the State the unmarried men would nearly all live in the cities, and the dwellers in the suburbs would for the most part be people with families. Yet the suburban counties all show an excess of men—1300 in Westchester, 1700 in Richmond, and 2300 in Queens.

JOHN McBRIDE.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

At the age of forty, John McBride, of Massillon, Ohio, finds himself the successor of Samuel Gompers in the Presidency of the American Federation of Labor. As labor leaders go, he is counted a "safe" man. In a sketch of himself contributed to a local history he says: "In his opinion regarding the issues between capital and labor he holds liberal views, and has never been an extremist. He recognizes capital as necessary, but demands justice to his fellow-workers. In all strikes which have menaced public interest Mr. McBride has worked unceasingly for compromises; and is still, as always, advocating arbitration as a means of reconciliation."

It has been said of Mr. McBride by the miners, whose especial champion he is, that he thinks twice for himself and once for labor. He has never believed in the divorcement of labor and politics. Fifteen times he has been elected to direct different miners' associations, five times he has run for office before the people, and twice has he held political office by appointment.

At eleven years of age Mr. McBride was a water-boy in a coal-mine; at eighteen he had entered a union; at twenty-five he had abandoned his trade as a miner, and from that date to this he has alternated as a labor leader and politician.

The coal-miners of the country, as a rule, are a refractory element to handle. They love contention. It sharpens the wits. As a young man, John McBride found them unorganized, the victims of company stores, insufficient air, and without reasonable safeguards for life and limb. It is vastly different now. He is by no means the author of all these changes, but he has contributed to them in many ways. First of all, he is an organizer. He welded together the miners of his own district; then he ran for the Legislature, but was defeated. Then he secured a State organization, and again ran for the Legislature, this time with success. Thus by progressive steps he advanced from a position as a local advocate of labor to President of the national organization, which is largely his own handiwork, also running for the General Assembly, Secretaryship of State, State Senate, and finally obtaining appointment as Commissioner of Labor Statistics. In politics he was a Democrat, going so far in his Democracy, so it is alleged, as to come to the rescue of Vice-President Stevenson when the latter was a candidate in 1892 and was charged with responsibility for the ill treatment of union miners in Illinois. This accusation was attributed by Mr. McBride's friends to the jealous spirit of his enemies. A year later found Mr. Stevenson endorsing Mr. McBride's candidacy for United States Marshal, but Mr. Cleveland declined to make the appointment, and in June of the present year Mr. McBride declared that the expectation of relief from the old parties was hopeless, and turned Populist, with leanings toward socialism. At this juncture many wise people thought that they felt the ground-swell of a great movement, a union of Populist and labor forces, of which John McBride should be the prophet. The season proved unpropitious, however, and Mr. McBride, who had declared his conversion with some gusto, maintained a sphinxlike silence after his original utterance on this subject that he has not yet seen fit to break.

In person he is dignified, in manner amiable and considerate. He enjoys a simple home life, sadly broken into by the recent death of a wife who inspired him in his early endeavors, and who helped to shape his career.

ROBERT P. SKINNER.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Born in 1855, at Ludlow, in Shropshire, a picturesque country town abounding in old houses and boasting a handsome fifteenth-century church of cathedral size, the author of *The Red Cockade* had much in his early surroundings to arouse an interest in history and romance. At Ludlow Castle, within a few hundred yards of the house in which he was born, and wherein he has spent many years of his life, Milton wrote his "Comus," Sir Philip Sidney lived, and the Lords of the Marches of Wales held their court.

Receiving his early education at the old local grammar-school, a dingy fifteenth-century building established by Edward VI., he proceeded thence to the more famous classical school of Shrewsbury, afterwards to Christ Church, Wolsey's great foundation at Oxford, where he took his degree in the School of Modern History in 1878.

Intending to be called to the bar, he first spent a year or two as an assistant master at the King's School at Chester, teaching junior classics and history, extending his knowledge of the latter as well as teaching it, and extending also his friendships and his knowledge of the world. He then removed to London, and in January, 1881, was called to the bar at the Inner Temple.

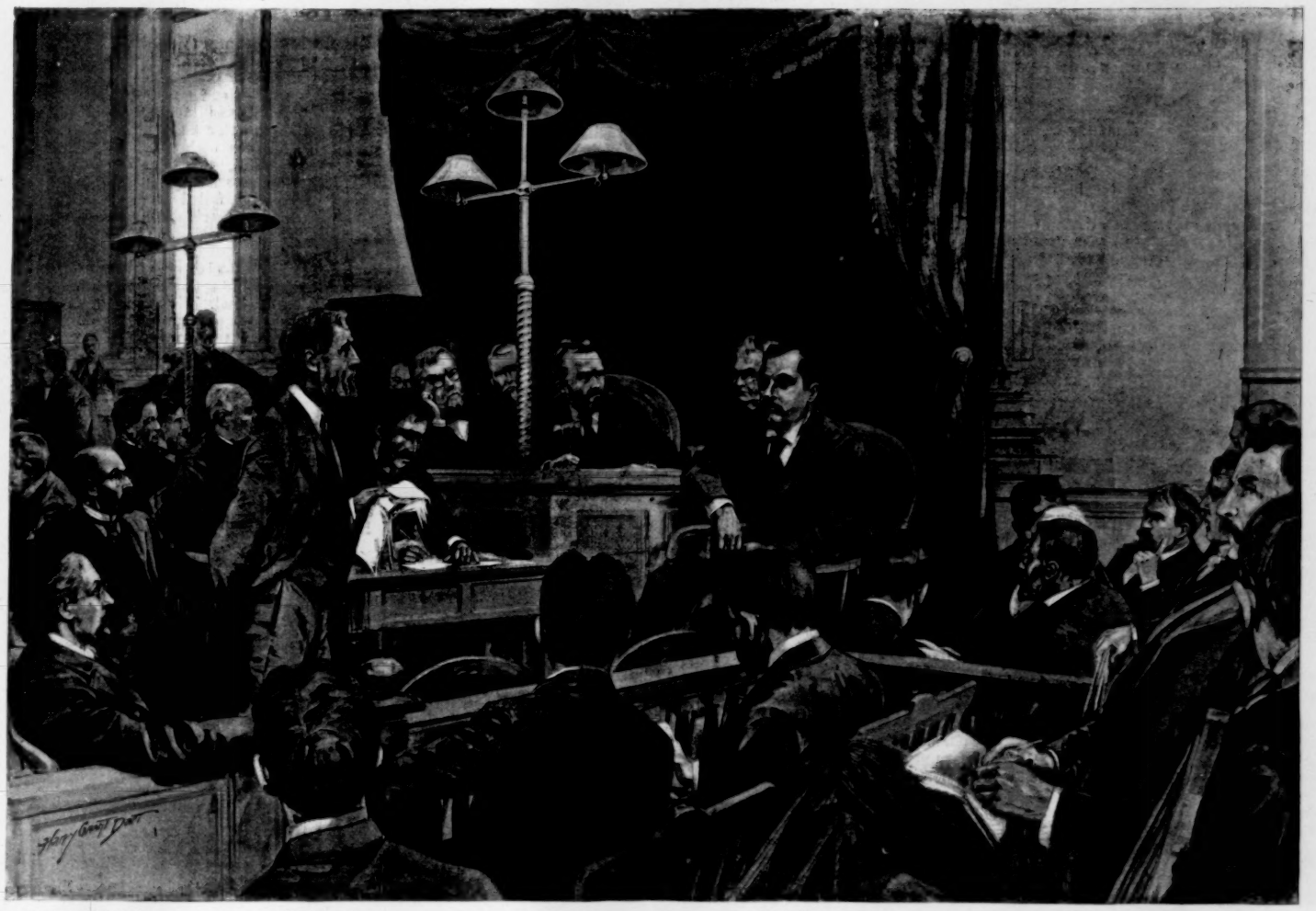
His career as a barrister was of ten years' duration. Joining the Oxford Circuit—one of those eight guilds or clubs into which the common-law barristers of England are divided—he followed the judges regularly from town to town, with more pleasure than profit, though he was not

IN REAR OF THE JAPANESE BATTERIES FIRING ON KIN-CHAN.

THE WALLED TOWN OF KIN-CHAN, IN THE DISTANCE, UNDER FIRE OF THE JAPANESE ARTILLERY.

THE CAPTURE OF PORT ARTHUR BY THE JAPANESE FORCES—VIEWS TAKEN DURING THE BATTLE.

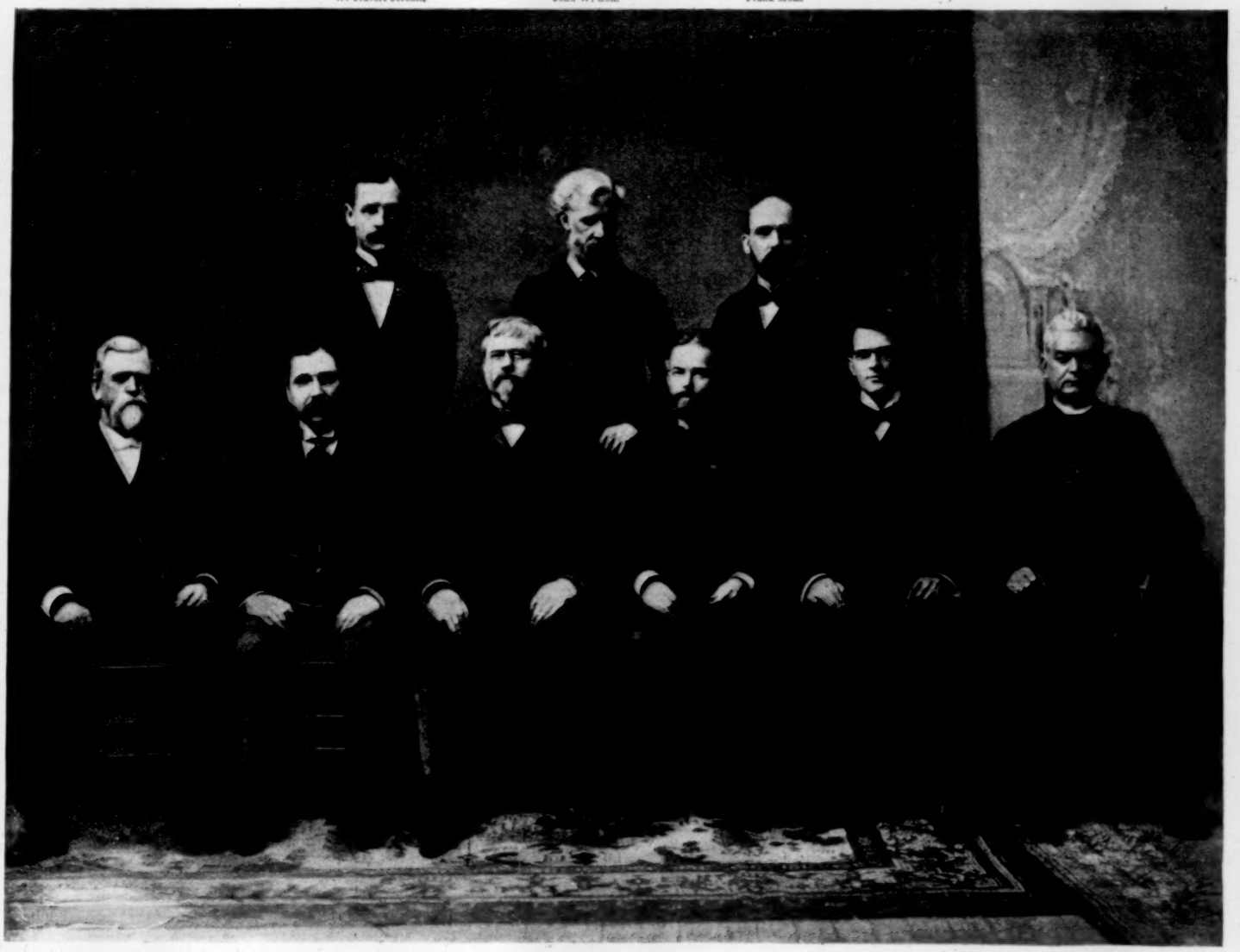
Rev. T. J. Ducey. Sen. O'Connor. Sen. Robertson. Sen. Lexow. Sen. Bradley.



Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. John W. Goff. Captain Schmittberger.

THE SCENE IN THE COMMITTEE-ROOM DURING THE EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN MAX SCHMITTBERGER.—Drawn by Harry Grant Dart.

W. Travers Jerome. John W. Goff. Frank Moss.



Senator George W. Robertson. Senator Jacob A. Cantor. Senator Edmund O'Connor. Senator Clarence Lexow, Chairman. Senator Cuthbert W. Pound. Senator Daniel J. Bradley.

THE LEXOW COMMITTEE AND ITS COUNSEL.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.—[See Page 10.]

entirely without business. But with the passage of each year the idle hours spent in court, the days passed in loitering from one country town to another, from Gloucester to Hereford and Shrewsbury to Stafford, grew more wearisome, the prospect less hopeful. Somewhat slight of figure, pale, and short-sighted, he had not the commanding presence nor perhaps the particular abilities that win success in advocacy, and it was with unfeigned joy that he hailed, in 1890, the opportunity of exchanging law for letters and legal fictions for historical romance.

The history of the long and sustained effort by which he made this change possible he is himself fond of relating. He sent his first article to an Edinburgh magazine about 1877, and from time to time after that contributed small papers to various second-rate periodicals. But his real literary life began only in 1883, when he obtained admission to the *Cornhill Magazine*, then and now edited by Mr. James Payn, whose power of detecting talents in unlikely places has become proverbial among English novelists. Mr. Weyman wrote for him and for Mr. Comyns Carr, who was then editing the *English Illustrated Magazine*, a considerable number of short stories, slight, perhaps, but graceful, all modern, and for the most part in the style of Anthony Trollope. Eventually, in the year 1885, he determined to attempt a larger work, and planned and wrote a three-volume novel Trollopean and clerical in tone.

He had good hopes of it, but, as it proved, his courage at that time exceeded his judgment. The story was rejected by all the publishers to whom it was offered. He became convinced himself that it was feeble, wordy, and too long, and in the end he flung it aside, and used for years afterwards its endless sheets as a stock of scribbling paper.

However, the effort had taught him much, and particularly the value of incident and story, and presently an accident suggested to him a new outlet for his ambition. He picked up at his club an American book, a history of the rise of the Huguenots, and reading a detailed account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, was struck with the idea that it might be made the subject of a historical tale. Considering the subject farther, he came to the conclusion that historical romance might become popular if writers would adhere to their story, suffer no superfluous archæology to creep in, and think more of the life that must be breathed into the dead bones than of the exact details of those bones.

On these lines he wrote *The House of the Wolf*, which was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and afterwards by Longmans in England and the United States. It was received as a powerful story, full of adventurous detail, and one wherein the true and natural proportion of the incidents and the vividness of the coloring lead the reader to believe that he sees the events enacted before his eyes. But this, though it made his name known to a small circle of critical readers on both sides of the Atlantic, earned for him no extended popularity; nor did the book which succeeded it, *The Story of Francis Cludde*, though it possessed many strong points, greatly spread his fame. It was reserved for *A Gentleman of France*, on which he lavished all his experience, thought, and reading, to capture, by a happy fortune, the attention of the public, and won from critics of many schools a verdict almost wholly favorable. It is full of details, yet the story is not sacrificed to them; they are part of it, not excrescences on it. Whether it be that the period of history in which this the finest of Mr. Weyman's stories is set—the years which saw the rise of Henry of Navarre—appeals in some particular way to his imagination, or that the regal and magnificent character of the sovereign compels to ideas of corresponding grandeur, certain it is that the author appears to have found in it a treasure-house of stately and romantic story.

Many of the scenes which he describes both in the *Gentleman of France* and *The House of the Wolf* he has himself visited on foot, so that his pictures of them possess the vigor and fidelity of memory sketches. In 1885 and again in 1890 ill health drove him, as it drives so many Englishmen, to the south. He spent many weeks on the northern slope of the Pyrenees; he visited Caylus, the little rock town near Cahors, which he has celebrated in *The House of the Wolf*, and Cahors itself, and Auch, and Pau, the hero's birthplace. He crossed the Pyrenees under the Pic du Midi, a journey which he describes in *Under the Red Robe*, and wandered through many districts of Spain. Later he visited Egypt, Algeria, Italy, and Sicily; but those countries do not seem to have impressed him in the same way.

He has made his name in historical fiction, and it is not likely that he will for some time to come venture on the comparatively untried ground of modern life. His one essay of length in that direction, *The New Rector*, was published in 1892 in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and as a book gained a fair amount of approval and popularity. But it dealt very little with the questions of the day; it contained no wild women; it was, beside the analytical and *fin de siècle* novels which are now in fashion, somewhat tame perhaps. At any rate, Mr. Weyman does not appear to have considered the moderate success to which it attained a sufficient inducement to repeat the experiment; and though the book is still read in home circles, and seems to some of the older school of readers—the fogies, as they have been somewhere styled—to be not unpleasantly reminiscent of Anthony Trollope, it is not likely that Mr. Weyman's reputation will rest on it. He resides and does the greater part of his work at Ludlow, going little into society, but occasionally visiting London, where he belongs to the New University Club. In the winter he hunts a little in a quiet way with the local hounds; in summer he is fond of the Thames, and generally contrives to spend a few days or a few weeks, as the case may be, on its banks. He is a slow writer, correcting much and seeing but a little way at a time, according to his own account. Last year, however, besides a series of stories which he wrote for Messrs. Cassell, he completed *The Red Cockade*, which begins in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Himself a keen devourer of romance, he rises from spinning his own stories to fall with unsated appetite on one of Stevenson's works or Kipling's last volume, and nothing surprises him more than to be told, as he sometimes is told, that there are people in the world who find in his romances—in the *Gentleman of France* or the *Red Robe*—the same fascination which seizes on him when he sits down to the *Master of Ballantrae*.

GEORGE PRESTON.

THE RED COCKADE.

(Continued from first page.)

old bonhomie. "We shall soon be brothers, and then doubtless shall hate one another. In the mean time give me your company to the gates. There was one other thing I wanted to name to you. Let me see—what was it?"

But either he could not immediately remember, or he found a difficulty in introducing the subject, for we were nearly half-way down the avenue of walnuts that leads to the village when he spoke again. Then he plunged into the matter abruptly. "You have heard of this protest?" he said.

"Yes," I answered, reluctantly, and with a foresight of trouble.

"You will sign it, of course, M. le Vicomte?"

I hesitated before I answered the question, as he had hesitated before he asked it. The protest in question—how formal the phrase still sounds, though we know now that under it lay the beginning of trouble and a new world!—was one which it was proposed to move in the coming meeting of the noblesse at Cahors; its aim, to condemn the conduct of our representatives at Versailles, in consenting to sit with the Third Estate.

Now, whatever had been my original views on this question—and, as a fact, I should have preferred to see reform following the English model, the nobles' house remaining separate—I regarded the step, now it was taken and legalized by the King, as irrevocable, and protest as useless. Moreover, I could not help knowing that those who were moving this protest desired also to refuse all reform, to cling to all privileges, to balk all hopes of better government; those hopes which had been rising higher day by day since elections, and which it might not now be so safe or so easy to balk. Without swallowing convictions, therefore, which were pretty well-known, I could not see my way to supporting it.

"Well?" he said at last, finding me silent.

"I do not think that I can," I answered, flushing.

"Can support it?"

"No," I said.

He laughed genially. "Pooh!" he said. "I think that you will. I want your promise, Vicomte. It is a small matter, but we must be unanimous. That is the first thing necessary."

I shook my head. We had both come to a halt under the trees just within the gates. His servant was leading the horses up and down the road.

"Come," he persisted, pleasantly, "you do not think that anything is going to come of this chaotic States-General, which his Majesty was mad enough to let Necker summon? They met on the 4th of May; this is the 17th of July, and they have done nothing to the point yet except wrangle—nothing! Presently they will be dismissed, and there will be an end of it."

"Why protest, then?" I said, rather feebly.

"I will tell you, my friend," he answered, smiling indulgently, and tapping his boot with his whip. "Have you heard the latest news?"

"What is it?" I replied, frankly. "Then I will tell you if I have heard it."

"The King has dismissed Necker!"

"No!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes," he answered, "the banker is dismissed. In a week his States-General, or National Assembly, or whatever you please to call it, will go too, and we shall be where we were before. Only in the mean time, and to strengthen the King in the wise course he is at last pursuing, we must show that we are alive. We must show our sympathy with him. We must protest."

"But, M. le Marquis," I said, a little heated perhaps by the news, "are you sure that the people will quietly endure this? Never was so bitter a winter as last winter; never a worse harvest. On the top of these their hopes have been raised, and their minds excited by the elections, and—"

"And who is to be thanked for that?" he said, with a whimsical glance at me. "But never fear, Vicomte; they will endure it. I know Paris, and I can assure you that it is not the Paris of the Fronde, though M. de Mirabeau would play the Retz. It is a peaceable, sensible Paris, and it will not rise. Except a bread riot or two, it has seen no rising to speak of for a century and a half—nothing that two companies of Swiss could not deal with as easily as D'Argenson cleared the Cour des Miracles. No, believe me, there is no danger of that kind; with management, all will go well."

But his news had roused my antagonism, and I found it more easy to resist him.

"I do not know," I said, coldly; "I do not think that the matter is so simple. The King must have money or be bankrupt; the people have no money to pay him. I do not see how things can go back into the old state."

M. de St. Alais looked at me, his lip curling. "You mean, Vicomte," he said, "that you do not wish them to go back."

"I mean that the old state was impossible," I said, stiffly. "It could not last; it cannot return."

For a moment he did not answer, and we stood confronting one another, he just without, I just within the gateway—the trees stretching over us, the dust and July sunshine in the road beyond him; and if my face reflected his, it was flushed and set and determined. But in a twinkling his changed; he broke into an easy, polite laugh, and shrugged his shoulders with a touch of contempt.

"Well," he said, "we will not argue, but I hope that you will sign. Think it over, M. le Vicomte, think it over; because"—he paused in the road, and looked at me gayly—"we do not know what may be depending upon it."

"That is a reason," I answered, quickly, "for thinking more before I—"

"It is a reason for thinking more before you refuse," he said, bowing very low, and this time not smiling. Then he turned to his horse; the servant held the stirrup while he mounted. When he was in the saddle, and had gathered up the reins, he turned to me again.

"Of course, M. le Vicomte," he said, speaking in a low voice, and with a searching look at me, "a contract is a contract, and the Montagues and Capulets, like your *carcan*, are out of date. But all the same we must go one way—*comprenez vous*, we must go one way—or separate; at least, I think so."

And nodding pleasantly, as if he had uttered in these words a compliment instead of a threat, he rode off, leaving me to stand and fret and fume, and finally stride back under the trees with my thoughts in a whirl, all my plans and hopes jarring one another in a petty copy of the confusion that that day prevailed, though I guessed it but dimly, from one end of France to the other.

For I could not be blind to his meaning, nor ignorant that he had, no matter how politely, bidden me choose between the alliance with his family, which my father had arranged for me, and the political views in which my father had brought me up, and which a year's residence in England had not failed to strengthen. Alone in the château since my father's death, I had lived a good deal in the future; in day-dreams of Denise de St. Alais, the fair girl who was to be my wife, and whom I had not seen since she went to her convent school; in day-dreams of work to be done in spreading round me the prosperity I had seen in England. Now St. Alais's words menaced one or other of these prospects, and that was bad enough. But it was not that so much as his presumption that made me swear one moment and laugh the next, in a kind of irritation not difficult to understand. I was twenty-two, he was twenty-seven, and he dictated to me! We were country bumpkins, he of the *haute politique*, and he had come from Versailles or from Paris to drill us! If I went his way, I might marry his sister; if not, I might not! That was the position.

No wonder that before he had left me half an hour I had made up my mind, and so spent the rest of the day composing sound and unanswerable reasons for the course I intended to take; now conning over a letter in which M. de Liancourt set forth his plan of reform, now summarizing the opinions with which M. de Rochefoucauld had favored me on his last journey to Luchon. In half an hour and the heat of temper! thinking no more than ten thousand others, who that week chose one of two courses, what I was doing. Gargouf, the St. Alais steward, who doubtless heard that day the news of Necker's fall, and rejoiced, had no foresight of what it meant to him. Father Benoît, the curé, who supped with me that evening, and heard the tidings with sorrow—he, too, had no special vision. And the innkeeper's son at La Bastide, by Cahors—probably he heard the news; but no shadow of a sceptre fell across his path; nor any of a bâton on that of the notary at the other La Bastide. A notary, a bâton! An innkeeper, a sceptre! *Mon Dieu*, what conjunctions they would have seemed in those days! We should have been wiser than Joseph and more prudent than Daniel if we had foreseen such things under the old régime—in the old France; in the old world—that died in that month of July, 1789!

And yet there were signs even then to be read by those with eyes that foretold something, if but a tithe, of the inconceivable future; of which signs I myself remarked enough, by-the way, next day to fill my mind with other thoughts than private resentment, with some nobler aims than self-assertion. Riding to Cahors with Gil and André at my back, I saw not only the havoc caused by the great frosts of the winter and spring, not only walnut-trees blackened and withered, vines stricken, rye killed, a huge proportion of the land fallow, desert, and unsown; not only those common signs of poverty to which use had accustomed me—though on my first return from England I had viewed them with horror—mud cabins, I mean, and unglazed windows, starved cattle, and women bent double gathering weeds; but other things more ominous—a strange herding of men at cross-roads and bridges, where they waited for they knew not what; a something gloomy in their silence, a something expectant in their faces; worst of all, a something dangerous in their scowling eyes and sunken cheeks. Hunger had pinched them, the elections had roused them. I trembled to think of the issue, and that in the hint of danger I had given St. Alais I had been only too near the mark.

A league farther on, where the woodlands skirt Cahors, I lost sight of these things; but for a time only. They reappeared presently in another form. The first view of the town as it nestles under the steep hills, girt by the Lot, and protected by ramparts and towers, takes the eye; its matchless bridge, its time-worn cathedral, and great palace seldom failing to rouse the admiration even of those who know them well. But that day I saw none of these things, for as I passed through the market-place they were selling grain under a guard of soldiers with fixed bayonets; and the starved faces of the waiting crowd that filled all that side of the square, their half-naked figures, and lowering looks, and sullen muttering—which seemed so much at odds with the sunshine—occupied me to the exclusion of everything else.

Or not quite. I had eyes for one other thing, and that was the astonishing indifference with which those whom curiosity or business or habit had brought to the spot viewed this spectacle. The inns were full of the gentry of the province, come to the Assembly; they looked on from the windows as at a show, and talked and jested as if at home in their châteaux. Before the doors of the cathedral a group of ladies and clergymen walked to and fro, and now and then they turned a listless eye on what was passing; but for the most part they seemed to be unconscious of it, or at the best unconcerned about it. I have heard it said since that in those days we had two worlds in France, as far apart as hell and heaven, and what I saw that day went to prove it.

In the square a shop at which pamphlets and journals were sold was full of customers, though other shops in the neighborhood were closed, their owners perhaps fearing mischief. On the skirts of the crowd and a little aloof from it I saw Gargouf, the St. Alais steward. He was talking to a countryman, and as I passed said, gibingly, to the fellow, "Well, has your National Assembly fed you yet?"

"Not yet," the clown answered, stupidly, "but I am told that in a few days they will satisfy everybody."

"Not they," the agent answered, brutally.

"Oh yes, by your leave, it is certain," the man said. "And besides, every one is agreed—"

But then Gargouf saw me, saluted me, and I heard no more. But a moment later I came on one of my people—Buton the blacksmith—in the middle of a muttering group. He looked at me sheepishly, finding himself caught, and I stopped and rated him soundly, and saw him start for home before I went to my quarters.

These were at the Trois Rois, where I always lay when in town; Andoury the innkeeper providing a supper or-

dinary for the gentry at eight o'clock, at which it was the custom to dress and powder.

The St. Alais had a house in Cahors, and, as the Marquis had intimated to me, entertained that evening. The greater part of the company, therefore, repaired thither after the meal. Going intentionally a little late, that I might have no more private talk with the Marquis, I found the rooms full and brilliantly lighted, the staircase crowded with valets, and the strains of a harpsichord trickling melodiously from the windows. Madame de St. Alais entertained the best company in the province; with less splendor, perhaps, than some, but with so much ease and taste and good-breeding that I look in vain for such a house in these days. Ordinarily she preferred to people her rooms with pleasant groups that, gracefully disposed, gave to a salon an air elegant and pleasing, and eminently in character with the costumes in those days—the silks and laces, powder and diamonds, the full hoops and red-heeled shoes. But on this occasion the crowd and the splendor of the entertainment apprised me, as soon as I crossed the threshold, that I was assisting at a party of more than ordinary importance; nor had I advanced far before I guessed that it was a political rather than a social gathering. All, or almost all, who would attend the Assembly next day were here; and though, as I wound my way through the crowd, I heard very little serious talk, so little that I marvelled to think that they could discuss—as they did—the respective merits of French and Italian opera, of Grétry, and Bianchi, and the like, while so much hung in the balance, of the effect intended I soon had no doubt; nor that madame, in assembling all the wit and beauty of the province, was aiming at things higher than amusement.

And I am bound to confess that it was difficult to mix with the throng which filled the rooms, to run the gauntlet of bright eyes and witty tongues, to breathe that atmosphere laden with perfume and music, without falling under the spell—without forgetting. Inside the door M. de Gontaut, one of my father's oldest friends, was talking with the two Harincourts. He greeted me with a sly smile, and pointed politely inward.

"Pass on, monsieur," he said. "The farthest room. Ah! I wish I were young again."

"Your gain would be my loss, M. le Baron," I said, and slid by him. Next I had to speak to two or three ladies, who detained me with wicked congratulations of the same kind; and then I came on Louis. He clasped my hand, and we stood a moment together. The crowd elbowed us; a simpering fool at his shoulder was prating of the social contract. But as I felt the pressure of Louis's hand, and looked into his honest eyes, it seemed to me that a breath of air from the woods penetrated the room and swept aside the heavy perfumes.

Yet there was trouble in his look. He asked me if I had seen Victor.

"Yesterday," I said, understanding him perfectly, and what was amiss; "not to-day."

"Nor Denise?"

"No, I have not had the honor of seeing mademoiselle."

"Then come," he answered. "My mother expected you earlier. What did you think of Victor?"

"That he went Victor, and has returned a great personage," I said, smiling.

Louis laughed faintly, and lifted his eyebrows with a comical air of sufferance. "I was afraid so," he said. "He did not seem to be very well pleased with you. But we must all do his bidding—eh, monsieur? And in the mean time, come. My mother and Denise are in the farthest room."

He led the way as he spoke; but we had first to go through the card-room, and then the crowd about the doorway was so dense that we could not immediately enter; so that I had time—while outwardly smiling and bowing—to feel a little suspense. Finally we slipped through, and entered a smaller room, where were only Madame la Marquise, who was standing in the middle of the floor talking with the Abbé Mesnil, two or three ladies, and Denise de St. Alais.

Mademoiselle was seated on a couch by one of the ladies. She was dressed in white, and it struck me with the force of a blow how small she was. Very fair, of the purest complexion, and perfectly formed, she seemed to derive a childish, almost an absurd, air of dignity from the formality of her dress—from the height of the powdered hair that was strained upward from her forehead; from the stiffness of her brocaded petticoat. I had time to note this, and to fancy that cast in a larger mould she would have been supremely handsome; and then the lady beside her, seeing me, spoke to her, and the child—she was little more—looked up, her face growing crimson. Our eyes met—thank God! she had Louis's eyes—and she looked down again, blushing painfully.

I advanced to pay my respects to madame, and kissed the hand which, without at once breaking off her conversation, she extended to me. "But such powers!" the Abbé, who had something of the reputation of a *philosophe*, was saying. "Without limit! Without check! Misused, madame—"

"But the King is too good," Madame la Marquise answered, smiling.

"When well advised, I agree. But then the deficit?"

The marquise shrugged her shoulders. "His Majesty must have money," she said.

"Yes, but how?" the Abbé asked, with an answering shrug.

"The King was too good at the beginning," madame replied, with a touch of severity. "He should have made them register the edicts. However, the Parliament has always given way, and it will again."

"The Parliament, yes," the Abbé retorted, smiling indulgently. "But it is no longer a question of the Parliament; and the States-General—"

"States-General pass," madame responded, grandly. "The King remains."

"Yet if trouble comes?"

"It will not," madame answered; "his Majesty will prevent it." And with a word or two more she dismissed the Abbé and turned to me. She tapped me on the shoulder with her fan. "Ah, truant!" she said, with a glance in which kindness and a little austerity were mingled. "I do not know what I am to say to you. Indeed, from the account Victor gave me yesterday, M. le Vicomte, I hardly knew whether to expect you this evening or not. Are you sure that it is you who are here?"

"I will answer for my heart, madame," I answered, laying my hand upon it.

Her eyes twinkled kindly. "Then," she said, "bring it where it is due, monsieur." And she turned with a fine air of ceremony and led me to her daughter. "Denise," she said, "this is M. le Vicomte de Saux, the son of my old, my good friend. M. le Vicomte—my daughter. Perhaps you will amuse her while I go back to the Abbé."

Probably mademoiselle had spent the evenings in an agony of shyness expecting this moment. She courtesied to the floor, and then stood dumb and confused, forgetting even to sit down, until I covered her with blushes by begging her to do so. When she had complied, I took my stand before her with my hat in my hand; but between seeking for the right compliment and trying to trace a resemblance between her and the wild brown-faced child of thirteen whom I had known four years before—and from the dignified height of nineteen immeasurably despised—I grew shy myself.

"You came home last week, mademoiselle?" I said at last.

"Yes, monsieur," she answered, in a whisper, and with downcast eyes.

"It must be a great change for you?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Doubtless the Sisters were good to you?" I suggested.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Yet you were not sorry to leave?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Then I suppose that the meaning of what she had last said came home to her, or she felt the banality of her answers, for she looked swiftly up at me, her face scarlet; and if I was not mistaken she was within a little of bursting into tears. The thought appalled me. I stooped lower. "Mademoiselle," I said, hurriedly, "pray do not be afraid of me. Whatever happens, you shall never have need to fear me. I beg of you to look on me as a friend—as your brother's friend. Louis is my—"

Crash! While the name hung on my lips something struck me violently in the back, and I staggered forward, almost into her arms, amid a shiver of broken glass, a flickering of lights, a sudden chorus of screams and cries. For a moment I could not think what was happening, or had happened, for the blow had taken away my breath. I was conscious only of mademoiselle clinging terrified to my arm, of her face looking up to me full of alarm, of the sudden cessation of the music. Then, as people pressed in on us, I began to recover; I turned and saw the window behind me had been driven in and the lead and panes shattered, and that among the débris on the floor lay a great stone. It was that which had struck me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Apropos of the new volume of "Literary and Social Essays" of George William Curtis, Mr. Laurence Hutton, in the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, speaks with comparative disparagement of the solicitude of some of our worthy British coevals that American readers should have a chance to contribute to the funds that are raised from time to time in England for the erection of monuments to English writers. He speaks in particular of the warm invitations that have been held out to us lately to join in erecting a monument to Tennyson and in purchasing the house in London where Carlyle lived and died. To his mind, the willingness of our cousins to have us participate in privileges of this sort implies the existence of an impression in their minds that the United States, though politically independent, is still an intellectual province of Great Britain. They consider it proper enough, he thinks, that we should join with them in honoring their great writers in their country, but he believes that they would giggle contemptuously at the idea of joining with us to make monuments to our great writers in our country. They would scoff at us, Mr. Hutton maintains, if we were to invite their attention to the Curtis memorial fund, or to that for the preservation of Poe's house at Fordham; and they do scoff at us, he says, for contributing to memorials of Shakespeare, Pepys, Raleigh, and Izaak Walton. But Shakespeare, Pepys, Walton, and Raleigh were ours as well as theirs, and Mr. Hutton considers that we do well to glorify them; much better, indeed, than when we invest our money in monuments to English poets and scholars who have been born in our old home since we left it, and "who in their lifetime never cared to glorify anything or anybody but Great Britain or themselves."

This is a severe view to take of our transatlantic brethren who offer us the hospitalities of their subscription lists, and some readers may think it lacks somewhat in graciousness. No doubt, though, there is sense in Mr. Hutton's conviction that it is our uncle Bull's duty to put monuments over his dead and our duty to put them over ours, and certainly he is right in holding that we should improve our own opportunities before we rush in to share those that our British benefactors extend to us. The memorial to Mr. Curtis, which is now in the process of accumulation, calls for $25,000, of which a sufficient sum is to be used for a monument in the city of New York, and the rest to endow a course of lectures on American citizenship. Here is a call that takes precedence over any analogous ones that come from across the seas. Whether or not we agree with Mr. Hutton as to the propriety of interesting ourselves in monuments to Englishmen or Scotchmen in England, surely we may join him in his desire for a memorial to Curtis—"our own son, our own brother, our own friend, our own lover; the synonyme of our own generous scholarship, of our spiritual light."

The monument and the lectureship which are to commemorate Mr. Curtis should not be long in coming. Meanwhile another still more important memorial of him has been steadily growing since his death, and now approaches something like completion. During his lifetime only a small part of his writings found their way into covers. One little volume of essays "from the Easy Chair" was published before his death; two others have since been published. Last year his "Orations and Addresses," edited by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, were issued in three handsome volumes, and this year his "Literary and Social Essays" appear in a volume suited for the library shelf. So now it is possible to have within reach a tolerably complete collection of the best fruits of his literary labors. An adequate memoir of him has not yet appeared, but he is the subject of the first of five "Commemorative Addresses" by Mr. Parke Godwin, in a volume with that title just published by the Harpers. Mr. Godwin knew Mr. Curtis intimately, and was associated in the earlier days of his life in New York, when they worked together for *Putnam's Magazine*. His address, originally delivered before the Century Association, constitutes a brief record of Mr. Curtis's activities, set forth with warm and sympathetic appreciation of the value of his services, his character, and his example.

In the same volume are gathered Mr. Godwin's address on Edwin Booth, delivered at the memorial celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, given by The Players at the Madison Square Garden in 1893; the address on Louis Kossuth, delivered at the Cooper Institute before the Hungarian societies in 1894; an address on John James Audubon; and that on William Cullen Bryant, delivered in Brooklyn last November, on the centennial of Mr. Bryant's birthday. All of these addresses are of permanent value. All concern eminent men whom Mr. Godwin knew, and with three, at least, of whom his relations were so intimate and so long continued that he was chosen as the fittest person to tell their surviving contemporaries what manner of men they were and what was the work that they accomplished.

A gracious and neighborly spirit appears in the report of the special committee of the city council of Quebec appointed to consider the application "of certain American citizens" for permission to erect a monument to General Richard Montgomery on the spot where he fell, in 1775, in the attempt to capture the city. The council's committee concedes that General Montgomery might to a certain extent be termed a rebel, but none the less it finds him a man fit to be honored even in a land he fought against, and it recommends that permission be given to build him such a monument on such a site, and so inscribed as the council may approve.

It is interesting to notice that the committee in its report invariably speaks of the citizens of the United States as "the Americans." Doubtless in so doing it merely follows Canadian custom. But it is odd that such a custom should obtain, and that Canadians, who are as much Americans as we are, should habitually concede to us the whole of a name in which by right they hold a part interest. A South American is an inhabitant of South America, and a North American of North America; but an American unqualified is a citizen of the United States. Thus we see how even an axiom may have its exception, and a part may sometimes be greater than the whole. Perhaps some reader may not remember that General Montgomery, for whom some of "the Americans" propose this new memorial, was first buried inside of the walls of Quebec, where he fell, but afterwards his bones were brought to New York and buried in front of St. Paul's Church, where his monument stands and is familiar. He was a native of Ireland, and after long service in the British army, resigned his commission, married one of the New York Livingstons of his day, and was comfortably settled at Rhinebeck, when the Revolution broke out, and he was summoned to be a brigadier-general of Continental troops.

Some one has offered Barnard College a hundred thousand dollars for a building, on condition that it is placed within a thousand feet of the new Columbia College. So the trustees have secured an option on a plot of land on Morningside Heights, and are intimating their willingness to learn of further subscriptions. It is felt by the friends of civilization in New York that where Columbia goes Barnard must follow; and no doubt she will, even though the friends of civilization have to turn their pockets inside out to send her.

What an extraordinary oasis of high thinking the Morningside Heights district will be when all the intellectual institutions have been domiciled there, and the highly intelligent people who conduct the institutions have found their homes near by! A suggestion of Oxford, a flavor of the Westminster End of London, a shade of Cambridge in Massachusetts, and Gotham only half an hour away! One would like to see what twenty years will make of that region, what the Cathedral will look like, what the atmosphere of it will be, and whether the professors in the colleges will live there or stick to lower New York.

Praising the literary judgment of the late Mr. John Walter, and the ability he showed to select fit men to write his newspaper, the London *Times* says that he used to quote with great satisfaction the remark once made to him by the late Sir James Graham—"The *Times* has saved the English language." Mr. Walter went to Oxford for his writers. "He sought in them and found," says his journal, "with rare sagacity and insight, a capacity to deal with public affairs in a broad, liberal, and masculine spirit, to understand and interpret the drift of the national mind, and to give effective expression to the current sentiments of serious and sober-minded Englishmen."

London can still show some social developments to which New York can hardly be said to have attained. Lady Jeune, who surely knows her London, in her recent book, called *Lesser Questions*, speaks with horror of women who pay a lamentable price for dresses which will "cut out" the toilets of other women; and with contempt of "the men who, marrying on small means, suddenly find their whole *entourage* changed by the addition of horses and carriages, French cooks, and all the modern luxuries of a fashionable *ménage*, and shut their eyes and regard the transformation with philosophical calmness." "In all societies," she adds, "there are men and women low enough to accept such a position; but in England thirty years ago such a thing would have been impossible, and no man or woman occupying it would have dared to appear in society. '*Autres temps, autres mœurs.*'"

E. S. MARTIN.

HOW ANTITOXINES ARE DEVELOPED.

THE new treatment of diphtheria is a practical application of the latest advances of experimental bacteriology. The general facts upon which it is based are briefly these: Certain bacteria, when developing in the organism of an animal or man, produce an albuminoid poison called a toxine, which, circulating in the blood, causes disease. For example, the Klebs-Loefler bacillus, growing in the throat of a child, generates a toxine that produces the systemic condition called diphtheria.

If some of these bacteria be removed from the organism and placed in artificial media, such as broth, under proper conditions they will grow and multiply and produce the same toxine as before. This toxine may now be separated from the bacteria by filtration, and if introduced into an organism by inoculation it will produce the disease as readily as if it had been formed in the organism. But the virulence of the disease thus produced will vary with the quantity of the toxine injected. Moreover, if the first dose given is so small as to produce only slight illness, a larger quantity may be introduced a few days later without producing a corresponding effect; and progressively larger doses may be administered from time to time, until at last the animal receives with impunity doses many times larger than could possibly be borne at first.

In the case of the diphtheria toxine, for example (obtained, as has been said, by growing the diphtheria bacillus in meat broth), if fifteen drops of the filtrate containing the toxine be injected into a vein of a horse, the animal will be severely poisoned. But by repeating the injection from time to time in progressing doses, at the end of three or four months the animal will bear a dose of two hundred times the original quantity. In other words, the animal has become immune to the disease.

If now a vein of the immune animal be opened and some blood withdrawn, the serum of that blood (the other constituents being removed) may be injected into the system of another animal or a human being without ill effect, and the animal or human being thus inoculated becomes immune to the disease, in virtue of the inoculation. More than that, if the organism inoculated had already acquired the disease, the inoculation, within reasonable limits, is curative. For example, if a child has been exposed to diphtheria, inoculation with the serum of a horse rendered immune to diphtheria as above described will prevent development of the disease. At a later stage inoculation tends to cure the disease.

INOCULATING A CHILD WITH ANTITOXINE.

INCUBATOR CONTAINING 180 ERLENMEYER FLASKS.
Each flask contains Colonies of Diphtheria Microbes in various stages of Development feeding upon sterilized Chicken Broth.

These are the facts as applied in the new serum treatment of diphtheria.

Exactly what happens in the system of the animal during the process of it's becoming immune, no one at present knows. The toxine as it is injected is in some way rendered harmless, but whether by transformation of the toxine itself, or by the secretion of an antidotal substance, is still in doubt. The latter hypothesis seems to most investigators more probable.

But in either case it is convenient to speak of the antidotal substance which the serum of the immune animal contains as an antitoxine. This word, like its antithesis toxine, is a generic term. There are as many toxines and antitoxines of this series as there are forms of germ disease, though most of them have been but little investigated.

The special investigations into the nature of the diphtheria toxine and the practical development of its antitoxine have been going on for several years. The original investigators, Behring and his associates, in Koch's laboratory in Berlin, were extremely conservative in making announcement of their discoveries. Their experience with tuberculin had warned them of the danger of premature announcements.

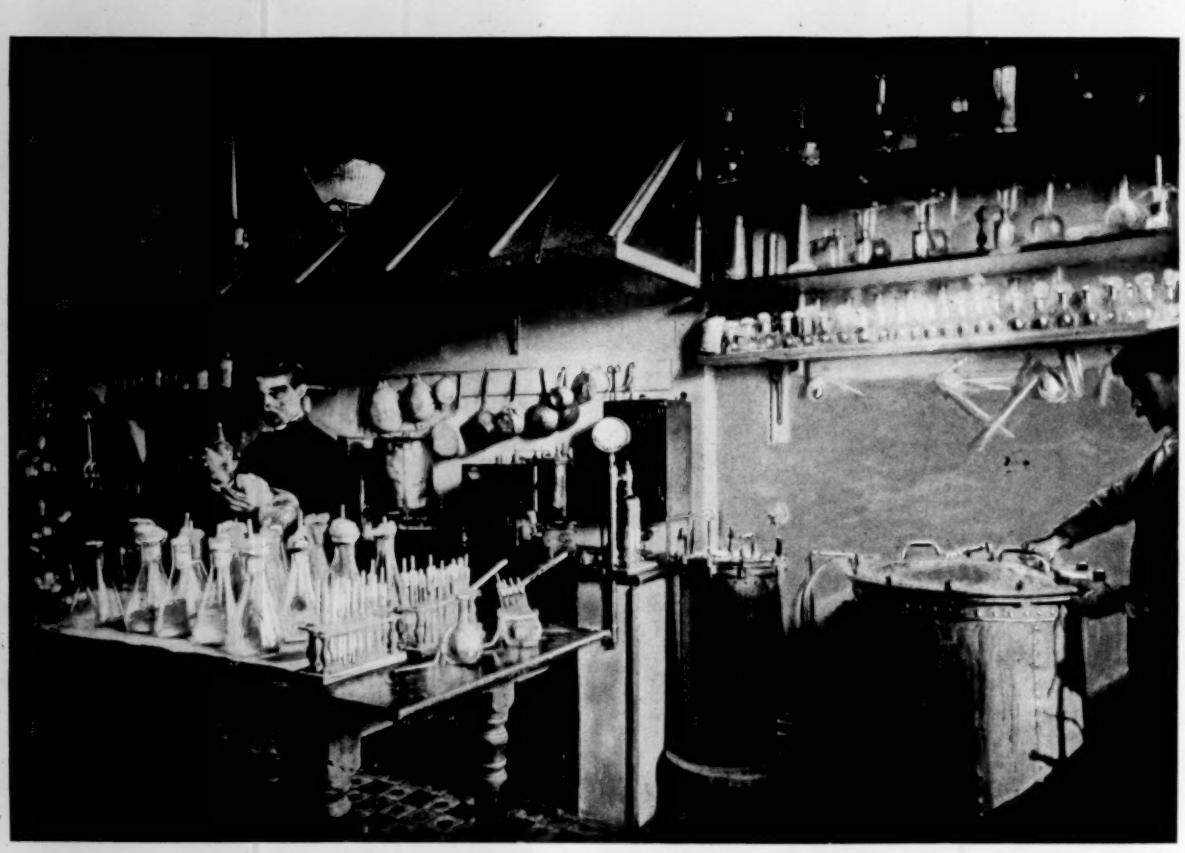
PASTEUR INSTITUTE, WHERE ANTITOXINE IS MADE IN NEW YORK.

They therefore kept their own counsel till they felt very sure of their results.

Since their discoveries were made known their experiments have been repeated elsewhere, notably by Dr. Roux and his collaborators at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who confirm Behring's claims in all essential particulars. So large a mass of evidence has accumulated that apparently it is no longer in question that the new remedy has some potency. Individual physicians have become enthusiastic over the new treatment, and municipalities have made appropriations for the development of the remedy. New York, for example, recently appropriated $30,000 for this purpose.

It is confidently believed by those best qualified to judge that the results will justify this confidence. At the same time it should be understood by every one that, great as is its ultimate promise, the new serum treatment of disease is still in its infancy. To judge from the editorial comment of the best medical journals, the attitude of the medical profession as a whole toward the new treatment of diphtheria is at present one of anxious expectancy rather than of certitude.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

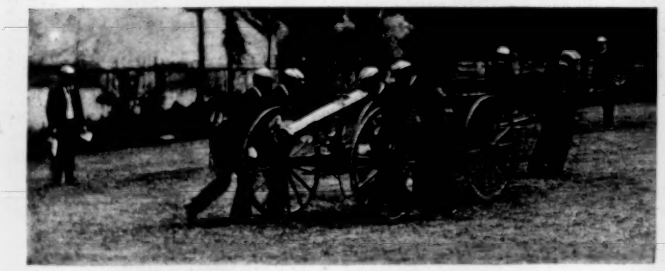


LABORATORY WHERE ANTITOXINE IS MADE.
Showing "Autoclaves" in which Chicken Broth is sterilized, and Operator filling Flasks with Serum.

NATURE'S ART.

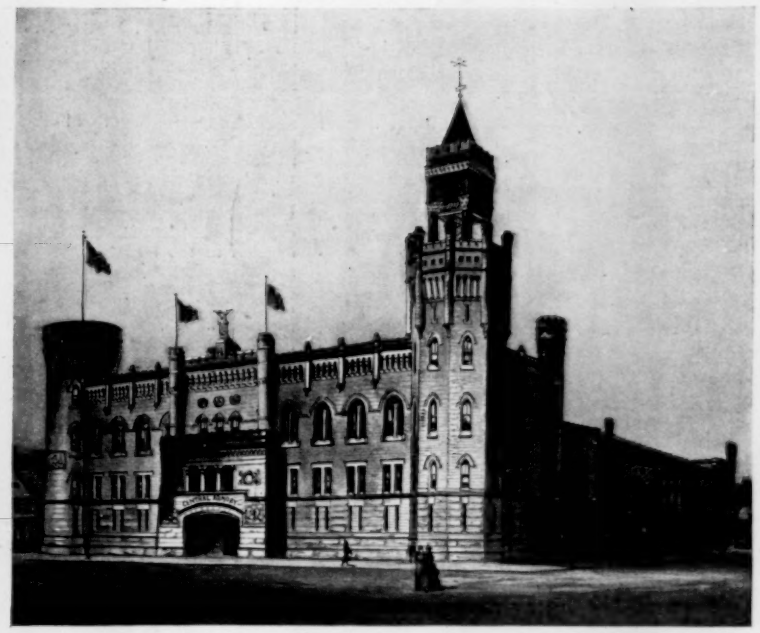
How strange it is that Nature should
fashion till complete
The lissom silken lily so delicately
sweet;
And then the self-same dainty and
subtle art employ
The lily's chaste perfection of beauty
to destroy!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



GATLING-GUN PRACTICE.

CLEVELAND CITY GUARDS, IN CAMP, 1894.

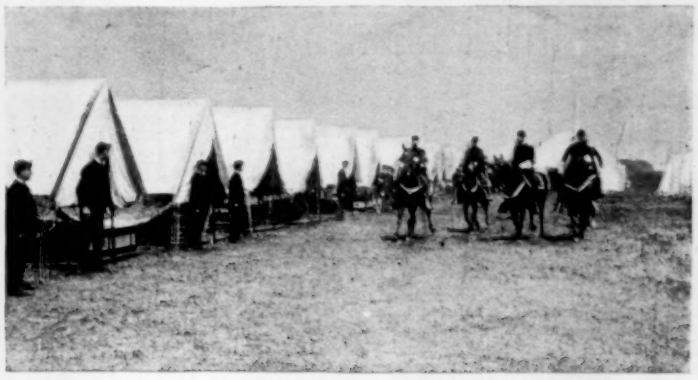


CENTRAL ARMORY FOR THE CLEVELAND NATIONAL GUARD.

A REST IN THE MARCH—FIRST CLEVELAND TROOP.

CLEVELAND SCOTS GUARDS, IN CAMP NEAR CHICAGO, 1893.

CLEVELAND GRAYS ARMORY.



COLONEL KENNAN AND STAFF, FIFTH REGIMENT, AT CAMP PULLMAN, 1893.

THE CITIZEN SOLDIERS OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[See Page 10.]

CLEVELAND MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS.

NOT since the day the Cleveland Grays marched out on April 18, 1861, as Company E of the First Ohio Volunteers, under command of Alexander McDowell McCook as captain, in response to Governor Dennison's call to arms, have there been as many armed men in the field in Ohio as during the year just ended.

The State troops in Cleveland are not entitled to honor greater than the other commands of the Ohio National Guard, but the new armory for the three National Guard organizations, the foundation and first story of which are now well under way, and the completion of the new private armory of the Grays, are just now attracting the attention of the public to the State and independent military organizations of Ohio's metropolis.

On May 1st last a horde of foreign-born laborers, mischief-workers, and malcontents overrode the laws and terrorized the city. Marching through the streets, it no sooner reached the less protected places than it began with a fusillade of clubs and stones and pistols to smash street cars, attack harmless lookers-on, and bring disgrace and shame on every person claiming the name of citizen.

At four o'clock that afternoon the commandant of every military organization, State and independent, in the city, had tendered the services of his command to the chief executive of the city, and when on the following morning their tender was formally accepted, it was not an hour before nearly 1000 armed men were assembled in their respective armories. The effect was instantaneous. Encouraged by the knowledge that a fully equipped military organization of infantry, artillery, and cavalry was behind them, the police soon restored order. Public confidence was restored. The troops remained under arms for a week, for alarms were easily created, and the public felt that it had need of the moral support their presence created; but they were not, with perhaps one or two exceptions, even called from their armories.

SIGNAL CORPS, BATTERY A, FIRST ARTILLERY, O. N. G.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11th last Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Whitney, of the Fifth Regiment of Cleveland (Colonel C. L. Kennan being at his home in Norwalk, fifty miles distant), was handed this telegram from Governor McKinley through Adjutant-General Howe: "Assemble your command at once. Notify me when ready to move, and await further orders." Marking the telegram to be repeated to the commander of the regiment at Norwalk, where one of the five suburban companies of the regiment is located, Colonel Whitney stepped to his telephone and repeated the message to the adjutant and the three majors of the regiment. These officers at once telephoned to the captains and lieutenants, who in turn notified their first sergeants and squad leaders, who are so called because each of them is best enabled to communicate with the remaining rank and file. In exactly one hour from the time the first message was received Colonel Whitney reported to the Governor that the city companies, field and staff and hospital corps, were ready to move. Five suburban companies would be in Cleveland at seven o'clock, two hours after the city companies were ready to take the field.

MEMBER PIONEER CORPS, CLEVELAND GRAYS.

It was not until 11.45 o'clock that final orders to move eight companies to Massillon arrived, and at five o'clock the next morning, having picked up the remaining companies on the way, Colonel Kennan reported to the Sheriff of Stark County with ninety per cent. of his men, though an hour previous to the time the first order was received not a member of the regiment had expected a call to duty.

Of the services performed by the regiment in guarding thirty-two miles of railroad, opening up traffic which for weeks had been more or less impeded, in a country where bridges had been burned or shattered with dynamite, and of the splendid behavior of the troops in the face of gibes, and missiles of a more tangible form, too much cannot be said. Thousands of dollars' worth of property was saved, unproductive capital was allowed to earn its just and proper return, and both the management of the railroad company and the Adjutant-General of the State united in the highest praise of the services rendered.

The following brief summary of the National Guard forces in Cleveland, prepared by Adjutant-General James C. Howe, will show their strength, and afford an idea of his views thereon:

"There are located in Cleveland the following commands of the O.N.G.: Companies A, B, F, I, K, and L of the Fifth Infantry; Battery A, First Light Artillery; and the First Troop of Cavalry. These commands are in every way splendid military organizations, being well officered, and the enlistments from the best class of citizens.

"The absolute need of the National Guard has been shown to the people of Ohio this year more forcibly than ever before in the State's history. Without their services no one can say what would have been the result of the unrest and unsettled conditions existing in the State.

"The services of the Fifth Regiment in Stark County were most honorable and soldierlike. Their conduct was commended by the Sheriff of the county and by all good citizens in the territory occupied by them. Battery A should be supplied with modern guns, and efforts are being put forth to have them so equipped. The Cleveland Troop of Cavalry is one of the best, if not the best, in the United States. They are thoroughly disciplined soldiers, and excellent horsemen.

"The people of Cleveland are doing much for their military, and the military are doing much for Cleveland in their constant work to improve and perfect themselves for service, no matter what that service may be.

"The following is a list of the National Guard organizations in the city of Cleveland, together with their strength in enlisted men:

"Company A, Fifth Infantry,	3	Officers,	50	Men.
" B, "	3	"	44	"
" F, "	3	"	43	"
" I, "	3	"	69	"
" K, "	2	"	57	"
" L, "	3	"	61	"
Field and Staff	13	"	15	"
First Troop Cavalry	4	"	47	"
Battery A, First Artillery	3	"	51	"
Field and Staff, First Artillery	1	"	16	"
Total	38	"	453	" —Total, 491."

The independent companies, which are subject to the call of the Mayor only, consist of the Cleveland Grays, organized in 1837, and one of the oldest and best-equipped military organizations in the country; the Gatling Gun Battery; Cleveland City Guards; the Cleveland Scots Guards; and the Chisholm Guards—the last two being composed of Highlanders. Each of these commands, as well as the battery and troop, is a fine body of men. The troop itself has no rival outside of Troop A in New York city, whose guest it was at the Washington Centennial.

The new armory of the Grays will cost when completed between $35,000 and $40,000. The drill-room measures 105 × 140 feet, and is amply supplied with officers' quarters, banqueting-hall, equipment-room, quartermaster's and armorer's quarters, rifle-range, kitchens, assembly-room, and, in fact, all the accommodations necessary for the needs and comforts of the command.

The new central armory for the three National Guard organizations will cost when complete $350,000, exclusive of the real estate, which cost about $80,000. There is already under contract work that will cost $145,000, and this includes exterior walls and roof only. The building is of the French Gothic style, with a tower 100 feet high, with lookout loop-holed for riflemen. The building is 165 × 265 feet, and will be three stories in height. The drill-room is 210 × 120 feet in size. Each company, battery, and troop has quarters of its own. It is the largest armory in the country outside of New York and Brooklyn. The architect, Mr. Fenimore C. Bate, has given Cleveland an armory that will serve as an incentive for the preservation of the strong *esprit de corps* her military have always had.

WILLIAM STOKLEY LLOYD.

BEFORE THE LEXOW COMMITTEE.

"THE pillars of the temple have fallen!" said the police Samson when he was asked why he had at last determined to tell the truth about the shameless ruffians who for years have bullied New-Yorkers and robbed them as they pleased. When Captain Schmittberger uttered these words he showed no trace of concern for his fellow-plunderers. The witness of the day had taken care to protect himself while he delivered those mighty strokes that shattered the police stronghold. We manage that sort of thing better nowadays. The modern Samson acts on the advice of counsel when he pulls down pillars. As a witness for the people he is safe so long as he is candid.

How the Lexow committee worked for months before the pillars fell has been only faintly shown in the daily reports. The testimony taken was of too absorbing interest for any newspaper to waste space on mere description. Schmittberger telling the truth was the embodiment of comfort and serenity. He had sat in the same witness chair, only a week before, dumb, choking, trembling. The time was not yet ripe for him to confess. The man was in full police uniform. On his breast was a shield as big and yellow as half an orange, bearing his title in raised letters that a blind man could easily read by feeling.

Strange things happened between Schmittberger's first appearance in the witness chair and his second. Timothy J. Creeden, whose bravery in battle and faithful police service had brought him no promotion, was called to tell how he got the rank of captain. Facing him sat two men who had contributed $1000 each to the fund of $15,000 that bought his gold stripes. Creeden thought it was not too late to save them, so he denied the bargaining, although he knew that a felon's cell awaited him for perjury. The two contributors to the fund testified that they had given their money, and that it had been repaid to them two years later. Creeden, at this turn of affairs, looked desperate. With the skill that he has shown in making the most of every situation, Mr. Goff asked for an adjournment overnight. No one who knew Creeden's nature would have been surprised to hear that he had killed himself before morning.

When the committee reconvened next day the white-haired veteran was recalled to the witness-stand. His eyes were red. One could see that he had not slept. His hands trembled, and he sought to conceal their trembling by drawing a handkerchief through one and then the other. Lawyer Goff regarded him fixedly. Creeden held himself erect, with hard drawn muscles. Every eye in the room was upon him, but he gazed straight ahead. It was as if he had come to the chair of death and forced himself to show no sign of fear. Bit by bit he told his history. Here was a man who had fought at Antietam and at Gettysburg and in twenty other desperate battles for the Union. A fearful wound mustered him out of the service. When he told how he had been forced to pay for his police captaincy the throng in the committee-room seemed ripe for lynching.

As Creeden left the chair he felt some one plucking his sleeve. He turned and saw one of the Senators reaching out to grasp his hand. Tears were running down the Senator's cheeks. All his colleagues and the counsel for the committee, Goff, Jerome, and Moss, wrung Creeden's hand as he passed. As the old captain walked out of the room every man in it arose and pressed forward to bid him God-speed. A tremendous wave of applause rolled from wall to wall. It was to cheer a brave man who had not enough conscience to withstand the overwhelming corruption around him.

During Captain Creeden's examination one figure caught the attention of many of the spectators. A sturdy hunchback, with the arms and legs of Quasimodo, sat at the farther end of the lawyer's table. His body was so short that nothing of him was visible but his crossed arms and his enormous head resting upon folded hands. This was Reppenhagen, the "go-between" who carried the $15,000 from Creeden's friends to the politician who sold him his promotion. Reppenhagen had perjured himself the day before, admitting that he had received the $15,000, but denying that he had given it to any one. Now that Creeden was confessing the whole truth this man's face told a story of fear and hatred. His features irresistibly suggested the drawings of Hogarth. Lips like a fastened vise were overshadowed by a long thick nose. The eyes were green, pale, and almost transparent. They had danced in eager defiance as Reppenhagen on the day before heaped perjury on perjury. Now they were full of dread. The eyes darted from Creeden's face to Goff's and back again. All color left his countenance. The shifting, furtive green orbs seemed set in a mask of death.

As soon as Creeden's ordeal was ended, Reppenhagen was summoned to the chair. He shrank from its touch as if it were coiled with death-dealing wires. Abject physical fear had gripped him. He made a last pitiful effort at bravado. This faded before it was well begun. His voice, that had rung out impudently on the day before, now fell to a husky whisper. Constantly trying to evade full admission of his guilt, Reppenhagen was forced to go step by step through the history of the foul bribery.

After these confessions it was not very difficult to wring the truth from Captain Schmittberger. He had his choice between candor and the State-prison. It was hard to believe that this humble self accusing man was the wearer of the once proud uniform of a New York police captain. Schmittberger's story was not followed by any such tide of feeling as that which followed Creeden's. During its recital the district attorney and two of his assistants listened to every word, and made memoranda to guide them in asking the Grand Jury to indict high police officials. Schmittberger's confession was so astounding in its revelations of the depth and breadth of official degradation and corruption that no one in the frightfully overcrowded committee-room was aware of fatigue or that the air was poisonous.

All that had gone before was forgotten. Probably not one in the throng remembered that in its earliest days the Lexow committee was cheerfully characterized by the Tammany faithful as the Looking Backward Club.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

BY ROBERT FANSHAWE.

'Tis always summer in her room;
And by the window in a row
The faces of the flowers in bloom
Look out in wonder at the snow.

They hear no happy birds above,
Nor ever know the flash of wings,
Yet there are melodies they love,
And these are songs their lady sings.

For her the blossoms multiply
Upon each slender stem and vine,
Her smiling face their only sky,
Her eyes the only stars that shine.

And I, who think upon their bliss—
To have her near them every hour—
Long for a metamorphosis,
To be, like one of them, a flower.

A NATION OF MOURNERS.

KOREA, which had refused the advantages of friendly intercourse offered her by the Western world with such stubborn exclusiveness and self-satisfaction as to win the title of "The Hermit Kingdom," was ten years ago, under the patronage of our country, introduced into the family of nations.

Chosen—"Land of Morning Calm"! Your morning has been all but peaceful. Four rebellions have marked your early career, and now the eyes of all powers with interests in the East are beholding you the bone of contention between your two powerful neighbors. Your new birth brought golden dreams to the "old China hands," as Europeans of long residence in the East are called. Dreams of rapidly accumulated wealth, as in their early years in China and Japan. A country of great resources to be developed! Nations vied with one another in eagerness to make treaties. Chemulpo, the treaty port of Seoul, had the boom of an American town. And now to show for all this hope! Three steamboats, two telegraph lines, an electric-light plant, two abandoned mints, a set of stamps—the only relic of a postal system that died in birth; an unofficered army of five thousand, no treasury, and twelve million poor and restless people. European and American merchants, with three or four exceptions, have gone. The traders of Japan and China alone have kept their foothold; and it is Japan or China which is to shape Korea's destiny.

At first thought of this land of farthest Cathay the imagination is prone to create scenes of Oriental splendor, architecture of the Alhambra, and landscapes ravishingly quaint and beautiful. One glimpse of Chemulpo from the steamer's deck dispels it all. A sun-baked town, glaring in its ugliness, without a vestige of shade, looks out over miles and miles of mud, revealed by the remarkable fall of the tide, exceeded only by that in the Bay of Fundy.

So throughout one's stay the anticipations of things beautiful and magnificent fade away, to be supplanted by an interest in the strange customs of the people, in their archaic forms of ceremony and manner of dress.

In interest to the modern traveller who seeks something strange, Korea stands among the first of nations. Barbarous, too, if we judge according to our Western ideas of life, but to the greater numbers of the Orient only conservative. She has, perhaps, the simplest of alphabets, a rude art of printing from blocks, a literature, a science of astronomy, her calendars, and to Japan she has given the secret of porcelain. Religions she has tried; but, beyond the worship of ancestors and a rude demonism, has practically discarded them. It can safely be said that she has made no change in six centuries. Originally colonized by China, she to-day offers the civilization of China of a thousand years ago—China before the invasion of the Tartars.

A mountainous country, with narrow fertile valleys; extremes of temperature in summer and winter; producing beans, rice, barley, tobacco, hides, and ginseng, and a small amount of the precious metals. A people agricultural; an aristocracy official. An absolute monarchy, whose offices are farmed to the highest bidder, with the seat of government at Han-Yang, or Seoul, as it is popularly known.

Possessing the racial characteristics common to all Orientals, in general appearance the Koreans most resemble the Japanese, though in stature the men exceed the latter, while the women, small and of delicate mould, approach more nearly our standards of grace and form.

Their homes, little more than huts, usually of two or three small rooms, are framed of rough timbers, and walled, in addition to a netlike woof of twigs and straw, with cobble-stones laid in mud or plaster, and roofed, excepting the black-tiled houses of the magisterial class, with a ragged thatch of straw. Windows as we know them are among the people an unknown luxury. The city dwellings of the Seoul gentry, however, which are neatly built of thin brick and plaster, have a row of small paper-covered openings just under the projecting eaves of their pagoda roofs, and paper-covered doors, which in the warm season can be removed from their hinges, and so convert the dwelling into a sort of pavilion. A family in ordinary circumstances knows, in addition to the *kang*, but one or two earth-floored rooms, swarming with half-naked children and a mongrel cur, greasy with pots and kettles, blinding with smoke, and nauseating with the fumes of cooking.

The *kang* is a contrivance peculiar to the country—an oven for the baking of human flesh. Beneath the floor of one small room, whose every crack is sealed, is built a fire-box of stone and mud, or brick, the top of which, covered with thick oiled paper, forms the floor of the apartment. On the outside a chimney, about a foot above the ground-level, belches forth its smoke against the house's wall into the street. This is the *kang;* and here the Koreans, men, women, and children, packed tightly together, roast themselves from November to May.

These dwellings, grouped together with no attempt at regularity of arrangement, form blind alleys and narrow tortuous passageways reeking with filth and abomination, for such things as sinks and drains are, like soap, unknown or undesired.

Living in this atmosphere of dirt, it at first seems remarkable that white should be the national dress. That such is the case cannot be explained by any instinctive cleanliness or neatness that the people may have. It is merely a phase of the Chinese ceremonial custom of mourning, by the rules of which, in case of death, all the relatives must, for a thousand days, in memory of the deceased, adopt a dress of spotless white as an outward manifestation of deep grief. Should the unhappy nation lose its sovereign, it is incumbent upon the whole people to in this way mourn his loss as that of a parent.

It so happened in Korea, near a century and a half ago, that after one king, by his departure from this life, had entailed upon his people the wearing of the mournful white, the two rulers who in succession followed him, at the respective intervals of three and six years, were themselves mowed down by the unsparing harvester, and, as a result, the stricken nation was kept in blanched attire for a continuous period of ten years. By popular account, at the termination of this protracted mourning, some wise man whom the occasion produced suggested that, should the people again provide themselves with their many-colored garments worn in happier times, and the alarming mortality so recently experienced should again be suffered by the royal house, the nation would have indulged in the useless expense of garments never to be worn. So, with a view to economy and constant preparation for death's visitation, the Koreans became perpetual mourners. However true this account may be, it remains that a long period of mourning has engrafted upon the national life this custom of wearing only white, observed by all except the officers of the crown.

The male attire for the coolie class consists of two garments of coarse cotton shirtings, baggy trousers, usually rolled to the knee, with an exaggeratedly long waist that might easily ensack the head falling over the belt in a loose fold, and a short jacket fastened at the breast, with loose sleeves. Suspended from the belt are a small string of cash (the country's currency) and a tobacco-pouch, while in one hand is the ever-present pipe, with its thimblelike bowl and reed stem a yard in length. If the feet are at all protected, it is by a pair of straw shoes, or, in rainy weather, by *sabots*, each with two transverse cleats at the hollow of the sole. All above the coolie class, in addition to the trousers, which they wear bound tightly about the ankles, and jackets with smaller sleeves, have a flowing gown, belted just under the arms, and reaching to the feet. This last garment, in the case of the wealthy office-holders, is, like their others, of beautiful Chinese linen or of colored silk brocade. The feet are encased in white cotton stockings, thickly wadded with cotton, and Chinese shoes.

In the arrangement of the hair there are two styles. For the unmarried men and boys it is parted in the middle, drawn tightly over the brow, and hangs down the back like a school-girl plait. Indeed, the effeminate appearance which this arrangement gives them makes it often difficult to distinguish them from their sisters. When a man has entered the married state—and here are little men who have done so who are not beyond the age of six—the crown of the head is shaved in a monastic way, and the long hairs that fringe the bald spot drawn over it and twisted into a tight cue which sticks upright, like a four-inch section of a broom-handle.

And then the head-wear! This usually is of three pieces, made of woven black horse-hair and silk, or finely split reed—all as airy as a fly-screen. First, a fillet two inches in breadth, tightly encircling the head, to keep the well-plastered hair from blowing about the face. Second, a brimless hat like a section of stove-pipe, with a dent in front; and over all a flat-crowned, broad-brimmed hat fastened under the chin, with black streamers or long strings of amber beads. All worn in-doors or out; no protection against the sun or rain, for in the latter case a convoluted cone of oiled paper surmounts the whole.

The evolution of the hat is very interesting. A certain sovereign, threatened by continual rebellions and riots, promulgated an order that all male subjects should wear an enormous hat made of baked clay—a veritable tile—and that every unfortunate who should have his broken should forthwith lose his head. After enduring for years the torture of this monstrous hat, upon the repeal of the edict the people turned to the lightest head-covering to be found, and now we have a nation wearing bonnet-frames.

In addition to the varieties already described, there are the oxman's hat, an inverted bushel basket; the mourner's, about the same in size and shape, though of finer quality; the court hat, of horse-hair, brimless, and adorned with wings, to intercept and turn into the listener's ears the sovereign's words; the *kee-su's* (outrunner's), broad, flat-brimmed, and crowned with a red plume; and the soldier's, a broad-brimmed felt pill-box.

The women wear over the trousers, gathered at the ankle, a stiff, full skirt, a short jacket reaching just to the breasts, which, among the common women, are generally exposed, but in the case of ladies bandaged tightly against the body to produce a flat effect much admired.

The hair is parted in the middle, brushed smoothly back, and fastened with a large silver pin in a waterfall coil upon the neck. Thrown over the head and held together with one hand just below the eyes, as a protection against the sun and admiring glances, is worn a green silk cloak, the red sleeves of which flap armless. Why this cloak should be used only as a shawl or mantilla, and never worn as it is intended that a cloak should be, no more satisfactory explanation can be obtained than that the crimson sleeves are used to wipe the bloody swords of the men on their return from battle.

Woman's lot is indeed unhappy. To her there are four lives open—that of wife, concubine, slave, or dancing-girl. The last, while it sacrifices her virtue, at least obtains some freedom which is denied to the others. If she be the wife of a gentleman's household, her lord's favors are shared among a number of concubines, whose children become legitimate and share the father's fortune in but a slighter degree than her own. Should she lose her husband, she is doomed to perpetual widowhood. Her education, like that of the concubines, is little more than in the art of preparing tempting dishes, fiery hot with red pepper, and of attending to the wardrobe. She seldom or never sees her husband's friends, unless they are likewise relatives. Her visiting among the neighbors of her own sex is done after night, when all men are expected to keep their homes. If she move in daytime, it is behind the impenetrable screens of a Sedan chair. The slave, poor thing! her existence is that of the washing-drudge. All day long she squats at the side of some muddy stream, and with a flat paddle pounds, pounds the soiled clothing of the household. In the evening she gathers up her linen and returns home, to beat until midnight an unvarying rat-tat-tat as she pounds it smooth and glossy on a wooden block.

Poor indeed is the Korean who does not boast a wife, and that in other lands a different idea could exist is beyond the Korean comprehension. On one day in each year the wives of the middle class are allowed the freedom of going out during the day. Shortly after Seoul was opened to foreigners our legation there was in charge of a modest bachelor, and on this holiday scores of Korean women came to his house, clamoring for a view of his foreign wife. They were not to be appeased by his protestations of celibacy, and explained to his interpreter that he was old enough to be married, and consequently must be. The closing of the legation gates was no avail against the increasing crowd, and he only succeeded in ridding himself of the multitude of curious females by inducing a missionary doctor in the near neighborhood to exhibit his wife during the entire afternoon.

The Chinese pride in the possession of heirs here prevails, and every home, however humble, has its horde of children—funny little creatures! The mother, whether to develop large food capacity, or to save the trouble of frequent feeding, stuffs her infant's little stomach to the bursting-point, and then kneads and rubs the swollen member to increase its elasticity and to produce a greater void to fill at the next meal. The poor summer diet of gourdlike melons serves to increase the effect which the cramming produces. Naked, save a pink bow on the pig-tail, and sometimes a pair of wooden shoes, the children, playing in the cool mud of the streets, seem like little old men with their scrawny spider limbs and big flabby bellies. They nearly all bear the marks of small-pox, here epidemic but little feared, and lightly termed "the cherry flowers." With no successful method of treatment, and no attempt to confine the contagion, it is the expectation of every Korean at some time to suffer from its ravages. So in the belief that children suffer from a milder form of the disease, in the early infancy of each child there is inserted in the nostril a modicum of the small-pox virus.

As soon as the child is sufficiently mature to manage the long-stemmed pipe, the smoking habit, common to both sexes, is formed. To light a Korean pipe is a feat. The stem is so long that, with the mouth-piece at the lips, the bowl is beyond arm's-length. The lighted match must be placed upon the ground, and the smoker must back away from it to bring the tobacco in contact with the flame.

Four-fifths of the coolie class are addicted to the use of their fiery distillations of rice and barley.

Korea without Seoul would be like the Great Empire without Rome. To such a degree is it the centre of all life, political and social, that its proper name, Han-Yang, has long since been displaced by Seoul (the Capital). Here are the homes, without exception, of all the magistrates, not a few of whom boast proudly of never having left its immediate neighborhood. The city is about twenty-eight miles from the western coast and three from the treacherous river Han, at whose mouth lies Chemulpo, or Jinsen. It is situated, happily for health, in a gravelly basin, surrounded on three sides by lofty hills, whose rugged, barren sides, stripped of all vegetation to furnish fuel for the *kangs*, shed the heavy summer rains in little torrents through the foul drains of the city streets. On the south is a graceful, well-wooded hill, and the residence of every well-to-do inhabitant of Seoul is so constructed as to afford the weary eyes a view of the Nam San (South Mountain), so pleasing in contrast with its blinding gray neighbors. The fifty thousand houses are girt about with a crenellated wall of stone, from twenty to thirty feet in height, now falling to decay from long neglect, which winds sinuously over the uneven ground, mounting the very highest mountain-peaks. Outside the walls live the gardeners and poulterers of the city; in one section are the straw sheds of the fever patients turned out to die by their fearful families; at another, the punishing-ground, where men are spanked to death, or more quickly deprived of life by decapitation.

In addition to the exits from the palace on the north, the wall is pierced by six gateways, mounted with pagodalike structures, the outlooks for the guards. In the centre of the town there hangs a ponderous bell, which, at the close of day, sounds the signal to the watchmen to close and bar the heavy iron-ribbed gates, and to forbid all passing through until the morning. Then, under cover of the night, the well-hooded women, each bearing a miniature lantern, dart like fire-flies through the unlighted passages of the town, paying their neighborly visits. In summer the mosquito-smudges are lighted, and the poor family betakes itself to the street for the night's rest. At the gates lounge a crowd of listless soldiers in their semi-European uniforms—smoking, laughing, and eating. Near by is a stand of arms of various assortments—Remington rifles, matchlocks, rusty spears, and halberds, and flags of gayly-colored silks, adorned with paintings of winged tigers or dragons, the staves surmounted by feather dusters of pheasant tips. The roads passing through the gates and the palace square, where all converge, are Seoul's only streets. The other passageways are no more than alleys, intricate and confusing as a labyrinth. Usually these streets themselves are encroached upon by the straw booths of venders of greasy soups, rice, and drink, and the flesh of cattle, swine, and dogs, and of nails, shoes, iron pots, and the country's famous brassware. Before the passage of the king with his royal train through the city, however, the roads are cleared of their temporary structures, and sprinkled with fresh sand.

For interesting and strange sights, defy your nostrils and, some summer day, plunge boldly into the streets of Seoul. Here is a crowd of gambling coolies, their burden-racks scattered about them, waiting for a job; there a train of ponies with tinkling bells, wellnigh hidden by their enormous loads of wood; an oxman howling to his slow beast, which plods along under half a ton of five-cash pieces (cash worth 7000 to one gold dollar); a *yan bang* (aristocrat), sedately seated on a black chair spread with a leopard-skin and borne by two servants. A high official, well hidden by the curtains of the Sedan chair in which he squats, is carried by four human steeds; a band of outrunners clears the street ahead, while a number of attendants trotting at his side utter a sort of long-drawn sigh as though awed by his greatness. Another is drawn along on a lofty unicycle. A magistrate, high mounted on a little steed which he scorns to guide, but leaves its conduct to a walking groom, is followed by the bearer of the official seal and brass pot, inseparable companions of authority, slung over the shoulder in a net. A young swell walking, not alone, but with two lackeys supporting his elbows. A crowd of naked children eating melons and, at the same time, wading in a shallow ditch. A female slave with a bundle of clothes upon her head. A palace woman, top-heavy with false hair. A royal procession headed by a crowd of bluecoats armed with paddles six feet long, with which they spank the fleeing populace to the road-side; the heralds, bearing belt-tipped staves; a mounted band, gorgeous in yellow silks and peacock plumes, playing shrill reed instruments, fiddles, drums, and cymbals; a confused band of soldiers,

BRONZE STATUE OF YUKICHI FUKUZAWA, PRESIDENT OF KEIOGIJIUKU UNIVERSITY, JAPAN.—UJIHIRO OKUMA, SCULPTOR.
Presented to the School by his devoted Followers.

consisting of cavalry, some armored in ancient style, some uniformed, some not, and all leaving the care of their beasts to servants who lead them by rope halters; infantry, armed with staves, spears, swords, and guns; and to complete the strange sight of all arms and all uniforms of all ages a Gatling gun is dragged along in the midst. Then the royal car of red lacquer, borne by a score of scarlet-robed coolies with mitred caps. Two harnessed stallions, shaded by an enormous red umbrella, precede the chair, to serve should the king desire to ride. More soldiers, another band of music, and then the chairs and horses of the state officials, eunuchs, and attendants, every one fanning, shouting, and hurrying along to keep pace with the running bearers of the king.

At the head of a broad square at the northern edge of the city two huge stone tigers mark the entrance to the palace, which is well guarded by a series of high stone walls. The royal dwelling is a low rambling structure of wood and brick, upon a stone foundation, with a broad veranda roofed with sheets of oiled paper adorned with Chinese characters. The apartments, some of good size, are separated by sliding screen doors of paper. The ceilings are intersected with large, highly polished beams, and the floors, of shining wood, are covered with mats or rugs. A somewhat pretentious European building intended for a palace has not been occupied since just after its completion, several years ago.

In one portion of the compound are the stalls where the *yang bans* strive, by taking a so-called civil service examination, to obtain the coveted jade buttons, worn just above the ears, the badges of official rank which, I regret to say, are seldom obtained without the expenditure of considerable wealth on the part of the candidate. The sale of the paper on which are to be written the theses whose merits are supposed to be determined by the command of language displayed, and the clearness of the penmanship, is a right belonging to the crown. At the termination of the examinations, the theses, beautifully written, are well oiled, and form the roof of the veranda of the palace. The grounds are alive with undisciplined soldiers and dirty coolies, who gamble, swear, cook, and wash their few clothes without the slightest restraint.

In the rear wall is an exit to be used in times of danger to the sovereign, whereby, through a narrow mountain pass guarded by a defensive wall, he can reach one of his strongholds in the country. A tedious climb of this pass to Puk Han, the monarch of the Cockscomb range on the city's northern border, has its reward. Halfway down the mountain's slope is a walled stronghold of some Buddhist monks, years ago forbidden to enter the capital; farther to the south, the skirting wall of Seoul; to the east, as far as the eye can reach, gray hills of decomposed granite; to the north and west, the valley of the Han, green with rice and barley, the Peking pass or road by which the yearly embassy bears tribute to the Middle Kingdom; and farther on the turbid Han itself, with its fleets of unpainted junks and little steamers, where an Occidental, for the fortune of being white, pays as a passenger three times the fare of his yellow fellow-travellers, though enjoying the same accommodations; while on the horizon lies the yellow sea which washes the barren unlighted coast and archipelago of the "Land of Morning Calm."

YUKICHI FUKUZAWA,

THE GREAT COMMONER OF JAPAN.

BY CHOKURO KADONO.

THE life of Mr. Yukichi Fukuzawa, the "Grand Old Man" of Japan, is closely connected with the history of the country for the last three decades.

The ten years preceding 1868, the year of the restoration of the imperial power, were the most turbulent period in the history of the country, although not accompanied by bloodshed, which was unfortunately soon to follow. Dark and threatening clouds were overshadowing the nation's path. This had principally resulted from European and American powers displaying, probably with peaceful intention, their strength by the wonderful naval and military appliances then unknown to the Japanese. They suspected the motive and intention of these foreign intruders, so to speak. The country was divided into two grand factions—one desiring to close its doors to outside intercourse, and to return to its former peace and solitude; the other, knowing the impossibility of that, advised the adoption of those advanced methods and modes in art of wars, etc., in order to maintain their independence among the nations. With these two conflicting principles, complications were multiplied by attaching Imperialism to one and "Shōgunism" to the other. (The Shogun was the military and *de facto* ruler of the country for the last six centuries.)

The collision, short but decisive, of the two factions took place at last in the memorable year of 1868, with bloodshed and devastation over the country. The conservative imperialists came out victorious, but they did not venture to maintain the solitary existence they had claimed to desire. No doubt the policy they followed was the wisest and the best for the nation, even had it been a possibility for it to resume its hermit state.

Imperial power being fully re-established, the Emperor once again became the ruler, legal and actual. The leaders under the new government steered the nation to peace and prosperity, remodelling their institutions in accordance with the advanced ideas of the West. Politically speaking, this was a restoration of the prerogatives of the crown; socially, this was the beginning of a revolution which may be said to have lasted for a period of ten years, and which peacefully accomplished the complete alteration of the institutions of the country. This was the dawn of a new life for the nation. The monarchy exists, but under a different form. It is constitutional, not absolute.

Mr. Fukuzawa played an important part in producing these changes. He has never been a political leader, and at the time of the Restoration he was comparatively young. His influence in later period was gained through his writings, which served to educate the nation. He was the first to present to the people the social and political institutions of Western nations, together with their achievements and advancement in science and applied arts. His innumerable essays and larger works, in which his unparalleled power of judgment is manifested, circulated widely, and their influence was to lead the people to eager adoption of things foreign. By the presence of the Dutch, who had been permitted for three centuries to trade at one of the southern ports, and who had introduced some of their ideas, Mr. Fukuzawa was led, a few years before the Restoration, to establish a school for the teaching of their language, and later of English. Started on a humble scale, it was destined to become the greatest institution of learning of the time in Japan. There he preached his progressive principles to thousands of his disciples, who afterward became the active and influential element in the government and among the people. His untiring and energetic writing has taught the nation not only of the material advancement of the West, but also of the rights and privileges the people there enjoy, and of the freedom of press and speech. His school, on the one hand, and his profuse writings on the other, propagated his advanced ideas throughout the country, the influence and result of which have formed the new Japan as we now see it. His relations with the government became strained to some extent, owing to his rather advanced theories, which the conservative element could not consider safe and sound. Thus, although he was respected by the government party, they entertained a certain fear and dislike of him. True, on frequent occasions he has been the friendly adviser of influential cabinet members, but, in the writer's judgment, there never existed an amicable feeling between the government party and the Grand Old Man.

The Japanese synonymes of the words "Liberty," "Right," and "Privilege," "Duty" and "Obligation," "Press" and "Speech," are said to be productions of his. He introduced public speech, which, as exercised in Western countries, was unknown in Japan. Some twenty years ago Mr. Fukuzawa and his followers used to gather in a small room to practise elocution and oratory. The writer was told by the Grand Old Man himself that they used to have a paper screen between the speaker and the audience of companions and friends, so that he should not feel bashful or fail in courage! Shortly after, when there were some who could brave the gaze and attention of the audience, a small hall was built on the campus of his school, and there public meetings took place fortnightly. The hall still stands, and serves the same purpose. Oratory, which had its embryo in this humble edifice, has made much progress, and has become a common thing in the country at present, even to the introduction of fists and blows in some mass-meetings (showing that they are quite up to the standard of European and American assemblies!). Although Mr. Fukuzawa himself is not an orator of great fluency and eloquence, there is much convincing power and ease in his utterances, with the clearest of logic, and a kindly, or rather fatherly, way which draws the attention and compels the respect of his listeners. Of his pupils some have become noted speakers, and there are no less than forty of them occupying seats in the Imperial Diet.

Mr. Fukuzawa as a writer has his own individuality and peculiarities. In some degree he has caused a revolution in this sphere. In the domain of literature he has also proved to be a commoner. His style is original. It is popular, not classical, and to some extent colloquial, but not vulgar. To this might be attributed the great success and large circulation of his works. His easy and pleasing style is a great inducement to any reader.

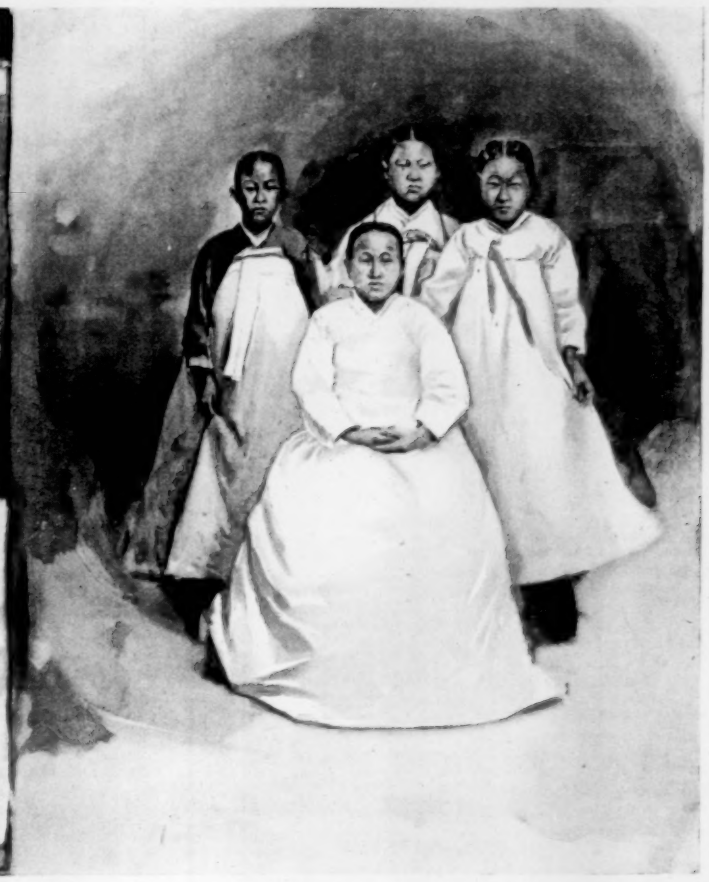
Journalistic work was undertaken by the great man later, and the *Jiji* (*Times*) stands foremost in reliability

COOLIE.

BOY PEDDLERS.

KOREAN SOLDIERS.

A CABINET MINISTER, HIS SON, AND DANCING-GIRLS.



A KOREAN LADY AND MAIDS.

TAI-WUN-KUN, THE KING'S FATHER.

A PALACE WOMAN, SEOUL.

AN OFFICIAL IN COURT DRESS.

KOREA—A NATION OF MOURNERS.—Drawn by G. W. Peters from Photographs.—[See Page 11.]

of news and in soundness of views. It has the largest circulation of all the important daily papers, and is independent in its politics, being neither of the government nor of the opposition. At present he expresses himself through this organ, which is managed by his younger colleagues, as an adviser and counsellor to the people and government. There may have been some instances where he was too radical, but this may be considered as a small fault when we think of him as an originator of ideas and movements. He is not an administrator, and thus the details of management rest with those who undertake the execution of his suggestions, whether in social or in industrial schemes.

His influence in politics has been rather of an indirect nature, but none the less great for that. As has been said before, he has not sustained the friendliest relations with the government, although not at any time or in any way has he occupied a hostile attitude toward it. Being a great commoner, his views, however sound and wise from the stand-point of the progressive mind, are not always received with favor by the government. High as he stands in the estimation of all parties, he has never been the recipient of favor, decoration, or peerage from the crown or government. It is his delight, judging from his acts and words, thus to stand above the ordinary level, independent and unrestrained. He is an imperialist, as all the people of the country are, and in his essays on the crown he expresses the healthiest and sincerest views, inclining to neither extreme. His school has been graciously honored by a donation from the Emperor, who has also appointed its principal, Professor Obata, a member in the House of Peers. While not honoring Mr. Fukuzawa direct, these acts show the appreciative regard on the part of the crown and government.

His school, Keiogijiuku, is in the city of Tokyo. It consists of several departments—elementary and commercial training-schools, academic and university departments. The organization in its present perfection is the result of years of energetic industry and perseverance on the part of Mr. Fukuzawa, the president, and his corps of efficient assistants. The number of students at present exceeds twelve hundred. Native as well as foreign professors and instructors are employed. The school possesses a certain individuality, resulting perhaps from the influence of its president, and leaves its unmistakable stamp upon all who have learned at the foot of its great master. Notwithstanding the fact that there are now in the country other well-equipped institutions of learning, both public and private, this school still enjoys the prestige given it by its head, the great commoner.

Born of a humble family, Mr. Fukuzawa's early life was one of hardship and poverty. Many are the stories told of his suffering and privation during his student's life, and of his eagerness to acquire knowledge of the Dutch language. The knowledge thus hardly obtained, combined with his great desire to see Western countries, gave him the opportunity of being one of the members of the Japanese Commission sent by the Shogun government to the United States about thirty years ago. As a result of this trip, the English language was first introduced into Japan. The lowly, and at that time obscure, retainer applied his scanty means to the purchase while in America of a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, several copies of Wayland's Moral Philosophy, and a few other standard works. Although the dictionary is said to have been the second of its kind imported into the country, it became the basis of much of the scientific and technical knowledge first gained by this hungering and thirsty people.

Now the English language has gained such a foothold in Japan that the study of it has become a branch even in the public schools. This, at first glance, would seem a surprising, even abnormal, feature, but is easily explained. In the great and rapid advancement of the country resort was necessarily had to technical works in foreign languages. Furthermore, foreign commerce, the transaction of which was mostly carried on by the English-speaking people, contributed largely to the extensive use of that language. In fact, we may say that the greatest service Mr. Fukuzawa has done to his country is the introduction of the English language into it. The Anglo-Saxon literature must and will influence the mind of the Japanese people. They are clever, and to some extent resemble the Latin race in their quick and somewhat excitable nature, and thus that influence of the language of the solid conservative Anglo-Saxon race would prove healthy and wholesome for the people. Japan will owe a great deal to Fukuzawa, if she ever attains her cherished ambition to become an England in the Orient.

Mr. Fukuzawa's second visit to America and Europe was as a member of the embassy in 1872, in the capacity of an interpreter. He availed himself on this tour of the opportunity to gather books, this collection no doubt being considerably larger than that made on the occasion of his first visit. He studied and investigated the customs, habits, and institutions of Western nations, noting carefully wherein lay their prosperity and strength. The result of these observations he has ever been ready to impart to his people with patience and untiring devotion to the cause of their welfare.

His private life is one of the happiest. His writings seem to be lucrative, and his circumstances are said to be comfortable, although he is not to be called wealthy. No doubt he has had plenty of opportunities to gather the fortune of a millionaire had he so desired; but his inclination to business must have been slight, as is often the case with that class of men. He is blessed with many sons and daughters, who are a comfort and pleasure to his ever-cheerful home. Two of his sons were educated in America, and are now on the staff of the *Jiji*. His daughters are accomplished in all departments required of ladies of refinement and culture. At his home, located on the school-grounds, his friends and followers receive advice and inspiration. His frank and cordial manner, which has an irresistible charm for both high and low, attracts all who meet him. He is not a believer in any religion, but is liberal in his views, bearing a profound respect to all beliefs. He is friend to all, and recognizes the influence, power, and importance of religion to the multitude, although not to himself. European and American visitors are cordially received by him.

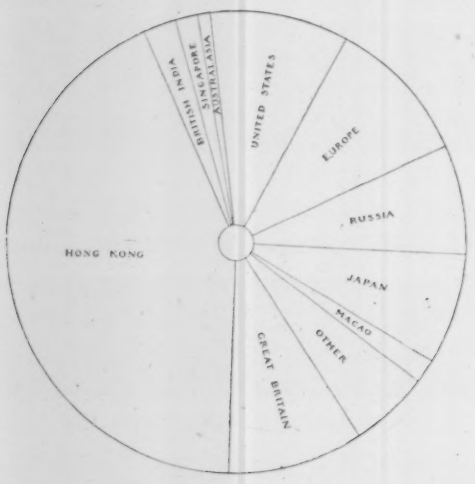
He is tall in stature, robust and powerful in build, and does not neglect daily exercise. Riding has been a great pleasure to him in the past, although of late he has discarded it. But whitening of rice in the primitive way, with mortar and pestle, still affords him the needed exercise. The writer remembers his visits to the Grand Old Man's retreat, where he pounded away with puffs and groans, with sweat on the brow, as he lifted the heavy pestle. The retreat is a small rude shed built for the purpose, and with his watch beside him, he works away for a regular interval of time. Rice thus whitened is used in his household, and favored friends who partake of it pride themselves on the honor, imagining it tastes better than ordinary stuff. This, however, is doubtful, as the process is not so thorough as that employed at the mills, where the grains are made whiter.

His years of usefulness may yet be many, as he still lacks a year or two of sixty. It is true there were many other leading minds to which credit must be given in the working out of the wonderful change in the country as we see it to-day; but out of the turmoil of politics Mr. Fukuzawa was alone in a particular field, where he did perhaps more than any other man in educating the people to bring about the peaceful social revolution in the country. His name as an educator, as a writer, as a social leader, and, above all, as a great commoner, moral, virtuous, upright, and sympathetic, will be one of the greatest in the history of his country. All over the country he is called Fukuzawa "Sensei," the word meaning "our master" or "*Savant*."

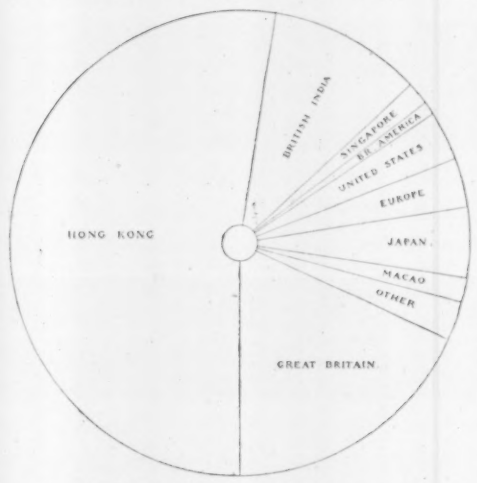
CHINESE FOREIGN COMMERCE.

BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

AFTER more than a century of commercial intercourse with China the United States has a relatively small share of its import and export trade. Even including the trade that passes indirectly through Hong-Kong, this share is still small, although generally believed, and the belief has some basis of truth, to be capable of being enlarged almost indefinitely. Commercially, China is very backward among nations. Her total foreign trade in 1893, import and export together, was only half as large again in value as the exports of breadstuffs from the United States. Further, the imports are greater than the exports, and it is in the export trade that the United States plays the more important part. In 1893 China exported merchandise to the value of $257,275,324, of which the United States received 10.05 per cent.; she imported in the same period $111,967,018, of which the United States supplied directly 3.6 per cent., and indirectly, through Hong-Kong, a nearly equal value. The interests of Great Britain and Japan in the import trade of China are greater than those of the United States; and in the export trade only Great Britain exceeds our own interest. The relative importance of the principal countries in the Chinese trade will be readily understood from the following diagrams:



CHINA'S EXPORT TRADE IN 1893.



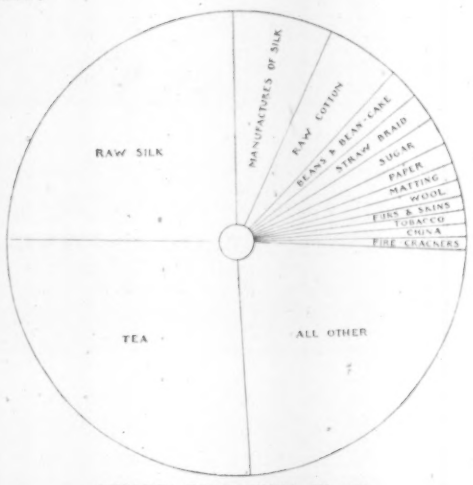
CHINA'S IMPORT TRADE IN 1893.

The leading articles sent from the United States to China are petroleum, cotton cloth, and ginseng. In petroleum the competition of Russia has been met; and in cotton cloth the competition of Great Britain, of British India, and as yet to a very limited extent of Chinese domestic product, must be overcome. Yet in each instance the advantages possessed by our own producers should enable them to compete successfully. The refined oil sent from this country is of a better quality than the Russian; is better packed and shipped, and can be sold in China at about the same price. The primitive manner of lighting used by the Chinese, a flickering lamp containing bean oil, has made the comparatively brilliant light of petroleum very acceptable, in spite of the prejudice occasioned by destructive fires through careless handling. A Chinese village is at best a tinder-box, and were it not for the revenue collected by local mandarins on everything that passes through, the prohibition of oil would be generally applied on grounds of public safety. As it is, petroleum constitutes the leading article of export from this country to China, and in 1894 more than 40,000,000 gallons were exported to that country. When it is considered that there is a population of more than 400,000,000 to supply, it is seen that the United States occupies but a small part of the possible market for oil.

American cotton goods should find a like market. Our manufacturers have a command over the raw material, skilled labor, and perfected machinery. Twenty years ago the Chinese bought largely of American colored cotton cloths, but in recent years they have transferred their purchases to the plain or uncolored cloths. This commerce represents about 51,000,000 yards a year, of a value of $2,700,000. It is small, however, when compared with the capacity of the Chinese market, for Great Britain has sent in a single year as much as 570,000,000 yards, and found a market for every piece. Here again the market for American cottons would seem to be almost unlimited. Yet so little is known of the conditions in this land of economic surprises, that it is unsafe even to estimate what the people need. We can only say the possibilities seem much greater than the actual conditions foreshadow.

Is it possible to conceive the creation and development of such interests in China as would close its markets to these American productions? It is known that there exist in the interior of China coal-fields so extensive and of deposit so rich as to be entitled to be described as the "coal-fields of the world." This source of wealth is as yet so little developed that when the Viceroy of Hoo-Pe established the first iron-works he was obliged to send to Belgium for three thousand tons of coal necessary to begin operations. What little coal is mined is brought down the river in junks to be exported to Japan and Hong-Kong, or used to coal the merchant steamers; but the unscientific method of mining and the limited demand for coal have placed a natural restriction upon the development of this great source of wealth and industrial power. It is possible that in connection with the coal-fields petroleum may be found. Even without that contingency Russian competition is to be feared, for those who control the Russian fields are making every effort to crowd the American product out. In this they have one great advantage. The crude oil of the Caspian region is a heavy product, yielding much less refined petroleum than the American, but a much greater by-product, and this by-product can be sold at such prices as to enable the wells almost to give away their petroleum. It has been rather a question of shipment and handling than of the oil itself which has kept Russian competition within bounds. As to Chinese cotton goods, the experiment of local mills has been made, but in so recent a period as to admit no definite forecast. Given the basis of all industry, cheap labor and cheap coal, it is difficult to place any bounds to the industry. Nor need this be confined to conjecture only, for we have in British India an instance of what an intelligent application and direction of productive forces can effect. For many years the cotton yarns of India have been largely sent to China, and occasional mention is found of the appearance in Chinese markets of cotton made in Chinese mills of a quality even better adapted to the needs of the population than English or American goods. Raw cotton is locally produced; it is even exported, showing a surplus production. Where labor is worth six cents a day, and labor which is industrious, and in some lines extremely ingenious, there ought to be a field for a cotton industry. At present there does not seem to be any danger that American cottons will lose their market in the East, as a revolution in the habits and superstitions must be assumed before this can occur.

Of Chinese products the United States takes but two in large quantities—silk and tea. What part these articles form of the total export trade of China this diagram will show:



EXPORTS FROM CHINA IN 1893.

The time was when China was the great source of supply in silk, and it was from China that all other countries borrowed the industry of silk-raising. Of such importance was the cocoon in China that the Empress who discovered the art of obtaining the silk was deified. But that day is passed, and the centres of silk-raising have passed to Japan and to Italy. The United States formerly took a large quantity of silk from China, but Italy and Japan are now its principal sources of supply. This is an instance where the cheap labor of China cannot compete with the better-ordered and more scientific operations of a civilized people. Though silk stands first among the exports of China, its importance is declining.

Second in importance is tea, another commodity of which China long enjoyed a monopoly. Tea was the basis of the great commercial companies which traded with the East, and a handful of tea is a necessary part of the funeral rites in China to-day. Tea has become an article of necessity, and though Americans are not a tea-consuming people, they use more than 90,000,000 pounds a year. For the supply of this necessity the United States looks to China and Japan. In 1893 China gave 45,653,172 pounds of tea, and Japan 39,602,519 pounds. Very small quantities are obtained from other countries. Even in this plant, peculiar as it is to China, the Chinese have not been able to hold their own in the world's markets. In the last few years English capital has been invested in tea culture in Ceylon and British India with remarkable results. The people of England—and they deserve to rank as the tea-consumers of the world, using nearly five and a half pounds of tea for each head of population—obtain less than one-fifth of their supply from China, and depend for the rest upon their own East Indian possessions. This situation has been brought about since 1884, and to-day Great Britain could be entirely independent of the Chinese tea supply. Here again capital and intelligence have utilized the abundant labor of British India, deriving from the combination advantages which even the cheaper labor of China cannot compensate. The exports of tea from China have fallen off year by year since 1884, because it has been meeting able competitors elsewhere. Instead of being first among tea-growers of the world, its supremacy has been shaken, and other people are crowding to the front. The distribution of the exports of tea in 1893 is shown by the following diagram, which proves Russia to be China's principal customer in this commodity:

EXPORTS OF TEA FROM CHINA IN 1893.

Among the large number of other articles dealt in in Chinese foreign trade there is no one which can, either in quantity or quality, enter into serious competition with similar products of America. There are some articles in which China possesses as absolute a monopoly as she did at one time in tea and silk. These articles are few in number and curious in their nature. The manufacturer of a patent-medicine nostrum would find a rich field in these Eastern populations could he but hit their fancy. The United States sends to China nearly $800,000 worth of ginseng, which is used as a medicine, and legitimately. But in the Chinese returns we find such entries as dried lizards, of which 113,000 are sent annually from Pakhoi to make lizard wine, used as a tonic, and also to cure eye diseases. Although such items pass through the imperial customs and are duly noted, they do not, fortunately, form a staple export to foreign countries, save where there is a large Chinese population. It is not the first time that ignorance and superstition have offered a basis for a profitable commerce.

It has been suggested from time to time that there is a danger of an industrial revival, or, rather, creation in China. The few enlightened military or diplomatic officers who have sought to introduce European methods and European machinery have met with little encouragement from a population whose foreign relations consist mainly in excluding the "foreign devil" and his influence. The good intentions of these pioneers in industry have been misinterpreted by native as well as by foreigner. The native forbids the construction of railways, throws stones and mud at the little steam-vessels which are beginning to navigate his rivers, and he is slow to recognize that machinery confers upon man a power greater than his own for overcoming the forces of nature. These interior obstacles will be very difficult to overcome, for they depend upon mental conditions fostered through many centuries, and supported by their religion and superstition. The few efforts that have been made have been criticised also from abroad. The formation of a monopoly in coasting steamers, controlled by Chinese, was hardly grateful to foreign merchants, for the costs of transportation were very onerous, and made more so by the exactions of local officials more intent upon enriching themselves than in fostering the commercial interests of their districts. The erection of a cotton-mill equipped with European machinery was denounced by the foreigner as an effort to exclude him from the Chinese markets, and the resulting calamity cry almost equalled that of a year of a Presidential election. Agricultural in their pursuits, and of extreme simplicity in their ideas of trade and industry, conservative to a fault, and jealous of interference, the Chinese have opposed any change in methods as involving sacrilege. Instead of steam-vessels, they would be perfectly content to run their stern-wheelers by the tread-mill method; instead of the steam-loom, they would wish to spin and weave by hand, and are even slow to adopt a hand-loom. This is hardly a people from which to make an industrial power.

It was by defeat that the Chinese were forced to become an orderly and regulated factor in the world's commerce. It may be by defeat that they will be obliged to break through the crust of exclusion, and in self-defence adopt a course which they now abhor. It is not likely that American commercial interests will be injuriously affected. In the fiscal year 1894 the United States sent to China less than one per cent. of its total exports. It received from China about two and a half per cent. of its total imports. Any industrial awakening in China would affect but a very small part of American export trade—so small as to be inappreciable when compared with the total export trade. Such an awakening might react to the benefit of the United States by supplying the two staple articles of tea and silk in larger quantities, of a better quality, and at a cheaper price. The silk industry of the United States is important, and it has been favored by free raw material. It would be the countries which have invested largely in silk-growing which would feel the competition, and it would be British India and Japan which would feel a competition in tea. On the whole, therefore, we have nothing to fear from an industrial China, and we have something to gain.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LONDON.

It is an interesting fact that at the time when the Legislature of New York is charged with the duty of framing a charter for what is known as "the Greater New York," the British Parliament has before it a report made by a royal commission proposing a form of government for an amalgamated city of London. This commission was appointed in the spring of 1893, and has recently made its report. It is not only an interesting, but instructive coincidence that the necessity of uniting, each under one municipal government, the great metropolitan communities of the Old World and the New was generally recognized at the same time. The city of London, like the city of New York, is a small part of the territory occupied by the people who make it a great centre of wealth production and wealth distribution. In the American metropolis the people are crowded out of the city's limits into Brooklyn, New Jersey, Staten Island, and the rural towns and villages in Queens and Westchester counties. Beyond the fact that there is a homogeneous population in and about each city, dwelling together because of a common interest in a trade centre, but living under different forms of local government, London and New York bear little resemblance to one another. The need of a common government is felt in both, but it is much more pressing and important in New York than in London, for the latter city is the capital of an empire, and its public works are provided for by the wealth of the nation, while in New York municipal effort and municipal resources alone are depended on for its parks, its bridges, its transit facilities, its public buildings, and all the instrumentalities of civilization and trade.

The city of London is the part of the great metropolis where the merchants do their business. Around it is a vastly greater territory, London by name, but a county and not a municipality. If a line should be drawn from the East River to the North River through Canal Street, the district south of it would, in some respects, be to the whole of New York what the old city is to London. Those who spend their days in it, carrying on the wholesale business of the community, dwell in the other parts at night. Outside of London are many parishes once suburbs.

The old barriers that separated the city from the outer territory have long since disappeared. The wall is down, and the seven gates are no more. For parliamentary purposes these various parishes and the city have been consolidated into eight boroughs—the city of London, Westminster, Southwark, Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth, and Greenwich. The old city contains 671 acres, or 31 acres more than a square mile. Its population at night is 37,705. The area of the whole of London is 75,442 acres, and its population is 4,232,118. The Local Government Act of 1888 established the County Council, but the old city is still governed by the Lord Mayor and its Aldermen and Common Councillors.

It is necessary to remind readers on this side of the water of this difference between the old and the real city of London. Indeed, such a reminder has not been wholly unnecessary in London itself, if one may judge from the careful explanations of it that have appeared in the discussions of the commission's report in the London journals and reviews. When we speak of London we mean the vast territory of 118 square miles which ranks as the first city in the world, first not only in population, but in many other respects. From the outer London come those who make the wealth of the great city, and the question there, as it is here, is how to provide one government for the mass, so that in their waking and their sleeping hours, at home and at their stores and shops, they shall be subject to the same municipal ordinances and regulations. There, as here, there is a divided interest, and the abuses and miscarriages of local government there, as here, are calling for reform.

The plan of amalgamation proposed by the royal commission is not wholly pertinent to the conditions of our problem, but its details are interesting as showing the spirit in which the royal commission approached and dealt with the subject. The old city is opposed to any plan for amalgamation, partly because it is unwilling to give up its historic individuality, partly because it is indisposed to surrender its control of its own rich revenues, and partly because it was certain that its representation in the new municipal government would be partially, if not wholly, determined by its small night population. Therefore the member of the old city withdrew from the commission, leaving the chairman, Mr. Courtney, a prominent and independent politician, a member from the new city, and two officers of the cities of Liverpool and Birmingham. The result of the labors of the commission is a unanimous report of a definite plan for the administration of the greater London. It had been generally agreed that amalgamation was "desirable if practicable." The commission has reported that in its opinion it is also practicable, and has presented what it considers a practicable plan.

As the basis of the report is the proposition that the general government of London—of the great London which we know—should be intrusted to one body. Its jurisdiction would be coextensive with the territory in all matters relating to the general interest. The various localities or parishes composing this great area would be governed by local bodies having jurisdiction within the several areas over purely local matters.

If the report is embodied in a law, the basis of the new municipal government is to be popular representation. The members of the general and local governing bodies are to be directly elected. The general and local governing bodies are also to be entirely independent of one another. There is to be no clashing of jurisdictions, and to that end whatever bill is prepared is to clearly define the several jurisdictions. The whole area now under the administration of the County Council is to be in the future the city of London, and, like our own metropolis, is to constitute a county. The report suggests that the new city shall be incorporated under the name of "The Mayor and Commonalty and Citizens of London." This corporation will succeed the present corporation of the old city and of the London County Council. The report advises that it shall consist of 122 councillors and 20 aldermen. Of these 118 come from the area now governed by the County Council, and 4 additional representatives come from the old city.

The head of the new corporation will be the Lord Mayor. He is to succeed to all the powers, traditions, honors, and duties of the present Lord Mayor. The history of the old city is to be maintained and handed down to future generations through the incumbents of this office. The pageantry of the Lord Mayor's show, "all the useful and many of the stately traditions of the past" are to be conserved. Whether Gog and Magog are to become the titulary giants of the new city or are to remain with the local authorities of the old, which is to be the first province in importance and influence of amalgamated London if the commission's report is adopted, has not yet been determined. Mr. Frederic Harrison seems to think that the giants who took part in the Lord Mayors' shows nearly to the middle of the century have been forgotten by Mr. Courtney and his associates.

The local government of the old city is to be a Mayor and a Council. Its character, and indeed the scope of all the purely local governments, can be judged from the fact that it will succeed to the powers and duties of the present Commissioners of Sewers.

Besides the old city, nineteen local ones are to be reformed or reorganized, and placed on the same footing with the old city. They are each to elect a Mayor and a Council which will take the place of the present vestry or district board. These nineteen do not comprise all the local areas outside of the old city of London. There are others, small and with complicated governments, with which the report does not attempt to deal definitely. They are, however, to be so reorganized that every local area in the greater city will have substantially the same character of domestic administration as the old city and the nineteen parishes or districts.

The police department of London is to be entirely under the control of the imperial government, the member of the administration directly responsible for it being the Home Secretary. There has been a good deal of discussion over this feature of the report, but it will be interesting to those who are studying the problem of police reorganization in New York to know that Mr. Courtney's Commission believes that one responsible head is best for the efficiency and discipline of the police. The proposed amalgamation of the parishes with the old city is accompanied by a certain distribution of powers. It is the purpose of the report that some of the powers now general in the county should be transferred to the new local governments. Thus centralization is not the only purpose of the commissioners, except so far as the general interests and property of the whole community are concerned.

There is one very important difference between New York and old London. While a large number of the people who give New York its prosperity, and who are affected by the character of the city government—although they have no right to participate in its elections—dwell in other jurisdictions, more than half of the workers in the American metropolis dwell within it. The revenues of its properties, therefore, benefit most of its tax-payers, while the revenues of old London, which are very rich, benefit only a comparatively few merchants. New York's problem is not the same as London's in this respect, for New York city can gain little in financial position by union with Brooklyn and the rural communities embraced in the proposed greater city, whereas the other communities would gain much. Old London's revenues, with amalgamation, will benefit the great body of tax-payers who now reap no advantage from them, although they contribute most to the prosperity of the city. The task of arranging the financial features of the scheme devised by the royal commission has been worked out satisfactorily to the commission and to all who have studied its report by Mr. Gomme, the statistical officer of the London County Council. It was this question of right adjustment of the financial relations that ought to exist between the cities of New York and Brooklyn that fanned the flame of opposition in the latter city against the proposed consolidation of the two. In truth, on both sides of the river there was a general and extraordinary fear that the burdens of taxation in the greater city would work unjustly on the people of one or the other of the two cities.

There certainly ought to be no difficulty in arranging that matter, and doubtless the fears will be discovered to be groundless, or mere excuses for the opposition of certain politicians who expect to lose by anything that makes for better government.

If Mr. Gomme has been able to arrange the more difficult problem that was presented to him in the effort to amalgamate London, there need be no doubt that our own problem will be easily and satisfactorily settled, and that the consolidation of the communities of both New York and London will result in better government for each of the cities.

H. L. N.

THE LOST CHILDREN OF NEW YORK.

BY HENRY McBRIDE.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

LATE one afternoon, in the busiest part of Twenty-third Street, three bundle-laden ladies bent down to console a forlorn, weeping little girl. Two boys stopped curiously to hear. In an instant there was a circle around her—people in finery pressing against others in rags, and coachmen moving their horses nearer to peer down from their boxes on a little girl who was lost. She was a little thing, and very much frightened by the crowd. The ladies in the centre, questioning her, could find out only that she was "mamma's little girl," that "mamma called her Pet," that she "wanted mamma." A woman who was much dressed said the mother "must be a wretch to lose a child like that," and her neighbor in rags said, "The Mother above defind her!"

Only the old woman who sells rabbits knew what to do. She brought up the policeman from the corner, who gathered up the waif in his arms and disappeared with her down the street. "He'll take her to the station, and they'll keep her till she's called for." The crowd melted away quickly, some of the ladies pausing, sad and tear-eyed, till the little girl had gone from view, then passing on themselves. The old woman stroked her rabbits, newsboys and fakirs shouted out their wares, those on shopping bent rushed along—a little incident of a busy street had ended.

In truth, a lost child on the streets of the city of New York is a small circumstance. But the most indifferent would be startled if told that more than three thousand just such incidents occur here every year, and that of this number those unclaimed are so few as scarcely to be worthy a percentage. This means a system, and it is a system so quietly ordered that few people are conscious of it. The child found on the streets is taken first to the precinct station-house, kept there throughout the day, and then in the evening, about half past seven or eight o'clock, if still uncalled-for, is taken by a policeman to Police Headquarters, on Mulberry Street. It is here that the stations from all over the city, from Battery Place even to Harlem, must bring their "finds." In the summer especially, from half past eight in the evening till midnight, here is a constant stream of humanity winding its way up the steps to the fourth floor, where the department is located—policemen bringing in their dubious charges, sometimes with two or three in tow; dishevelled women and anxious men, often to recognize their little ones and clasp them in tearful embrace, and oftener still to meet disappointment, and to wait in the chairs along the wall while child after child is brought in, waiting sometimes till midnight and after. Go there when you will on summer nights and you will plunge at once into happenings so intense, so moving, so human, so full of joys and sorrows, you cannot realize they have a nightly repetition. It is so theatrical, such a constant succession of climaxes, of ends of stories! All quarters of the globe meet there on common ground. Hungarians, Poles, Czechs, and speakers of other unfamiliar tongues, have here only their eyes to speak a language of the heart, but they are always understood. Those waiting in suspense for their own lost ones form an unwilling audience very often of a drama they do not care to watch. It goes on without "waits" remorselessly. First a man rushes in hatless, with sweaty forehead, and refuses in a single glance the two hapless boys who are sitting together awake. The Matron takes him to the corner and uncovers the head of a boy already in bed, but he shakes a silent "no," and disappears, to come back again and again throughout the night. Then a stern, thin-lipped woman gets up from her seat to pounce on a little girl who has just been brought in. She scolds and shakes her, and the child cries. At the same moment a stout woman wrapped in a shawl comes in and falls on her knees before one of the boys. She moves her lips in a sort of prayer, and grasps him in her arms and holds him tightly while the clerk writes down the name. The other woman looks at her abashed, stops scolding, and all four go quietly out and down the stairway. Scarcely have they disappeared when there is the sound apparently of a regiment coming up. In come a policeman, two little girls, three or four bewhiskered Poles, one of them a very patriarch, and a whole colony of their friends who have come along to interpret. All have waited around the outside entrance to the station for the children to be brought in. All come up to assist in giving in the name, and when told to depart in peace, the two little travellers are caught up, kissed, and when the door closes on them they are still being passed from one set of Polish arms to another.

A LOST CHILD ON THE WAY TO THE STATION.

A REFRACTORY YOUNGSTER.

Mrs. Travers, the Matron, is exactly right in her place. She has a consummate knowledge of children, begotten through love of them, and understands exactly how to distract, to beguile, and to cheer them. She knows exactly how to make the bad boy "stand around," exactly how a little girl can be made to forget her tears. In the corner of the room is a group of little wooden chairs, and on them are generally three or four or five little tots waiting patiently to be called for—generally patient, sometimes not.

When I entered the room not long ago, early in the evening, only one little boy was there. Now one is a great deal harder to manage than a crowd, and this little fellow was bad, really bad, and had caused endless bother already. As I came in he set up a howl of rage, and made a wild dash to get out. But Mrs. Travers was first at the door.

"But ye ain't goin' to wait for pappy, thin? What 'll I say to pappy when he comes and his little boy isn't here? Tut, tut, now, none of that." He was making a break for the other door. "See here, now, stop that, and no noise, mind ye. See where they put bad little nigger boys," lifting up the window-sash and peering out into blackness. "You won't? Stop that yelling. The first fellow what makes a noise goes into the closet. Nobody must make noise here but me. And there is a lock on it, and a key, and a big puss-cat what will ate your toes. Puss! puss! And it's dark in there. Puss! puss!" The boy stops yelling to look at the closet with big eyes, and the Matron changes tactics. "And there's your stocking down. You must pull it up before pappy comes; and mind, no fellow must make noise but me."

He pulled up his stocking, and sat quietly awhile, till his head dropped on his breast. When Mrs. Travers picked him up, placed him on the bed carefully, and covered him with a blanket, he never knew it.

Then entered an accomplished and charming policeman with the dirtiest little boy I think I have ever seen. He was more self-possessed than the other one, and knew what etiquette expected of him—he sat down promptly on the little chair at the end of the room. Mrs. Travers cried out at once, "But he isn't to have bread-and-butter till he tells us what his name is."

And that was where the policeman's accomplishments came in.

"Wie heisst du?" he asked, with an accent that had arrived with him from Dublin.

The boy hung his head.

"Haben sie ein Fader?"

The boy still shook his head, but in good English said, "We've got a baby."

Finally he admitted he did have a Fader, and when the policeman asked "Schneider?" he said "Ja" to that too.

All this time he had been busy with the bread-and-butter Mrs. Travers had given him. With his fingers he had been transferring butter from the bread to the chair, his coat, his trousers, everywhere within reach. He did not know what butter was, never had had it before, and wasn't going to run risks.

"Sakes! Look at him!" and Mrs. Travers had dashed for a wet cloth and was rubbing an astonished youngster's fists and face before he knew what was up.

"Is it my clean chairs ye'd be spoilin'? Oh, you're a bad one. Why didn't ye tell me ye didn't want butter, thin? Holy Mother! he's got a dime! Did ye ever see the like of that, now?"

"One of the coppers gave it to him in the station," put in the policeman.

"And do you want to stay here the night?" Mrs. Travers's eye had a twinkle that was meant for us. "Ye've got money; now you must pay for your bed."

At that word "money," for the very first time, the little boy straightened up and took an active interest in the conversation. His instincts were too strong for him.

"Sure you must pay the tin cents for your bed," said the Matron again, and the little fingers closed over the silver bit and the boy looked grave. But in a second a gleam of intelligence, wonderful in such a little face, came to him: he had been there before; it was only a joke; he could keep the dime.

"Ah, Yawcob, you're a sharper," said the policeman as he rose to go.

A little girl was the next one. She had been on the streets all day, was very forlorn and bedraggled, and was treated without delay to soap and water. While the cleaning was going on we could hear detached questions put to her and the answers:

"Where do you live?"

"On the next floor."

"Have you a sister?"

"Sister is married."

"Where is sister?"

"She's in the box."

When the natural color of her rather pretty face was uncovered from the dirt, they let her go, and she sat upon a little rocker and rocked as fast as she could rock. She crooned to herself, in a doleful but totally unconcerned way, "I'm lost, I am." There was even a tinge of satisfaction in the tone, as though one of her ambitions had been fulfilled. She talked on to herself, irrelevantly: "Jimmie's gettin' drunk every day and fightin'." "Mom says poppy don't want to work." "But the man took away the sewing-machine, and mom cried."

"How many sisters have you got?" Mrs. Travers asked her.

"Four," said Annie, disinterestedly.

"How many brothers?"

"Five."

"How many papas?"

"Six," replied Annie, so casually that Mrs. Travers jumped from her chair.

"I knew that child didn't know what she was talking about."

Annie had indeed simply been counting four, five, six, and she went on, *sotto-voce*, with seven, eight, and nine.

"They won't be after looking for that child to-night," said the Matron, "with her married sister dead and in the box. When there's death in the family they let the children skip. We'll put her to bed."

And much against her will Annie was put there.

A talk with Mrs. Travers yields many side lights on the character known as "East Side," and many characteristic traits of the Jews and foreigners of that region. They land at Castle Garden dumb through ignorance of our language, and somehow about the first fact that they grasp is that, when properly managed, a policeman will take away their children to a fine place, where they have a clean white bed for the night, and a good breakfast, perhaps two nights and two breakfasts, and all free—*free!* It is a splendid idea, and they weave it with enthusiasm into their programme of living. Peanut-venders, banana-dealers, organ-grinders, and other professionals go away on their daily tour, conscience free, turning loose their flocks on the street. If at night any are missing, with the utmost composure they go to demand them at the central station. Some of the slyer ones leave them there each time as long as they dare, for the same children show up often enough throughout the summer, and get well known to the officials. One night a woman came in and astonished the Matron (who is not easily astonished) by asking her for four children. "Four children! Sakes alive! how did you lose four children?" And the woman, who seemed somewhat aggrieved that her children were not already in, explained that she had gone over to spend the day with her sister in Brooklyn, and as she couldn't be bothered with the "kids," had turned them loose at Battery Place.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS—LOST CHILDREN WAITING FOR PARENTS.

LOST CHILDREN FOUND.

Sure enough, in a very little while all four came trooping in, generalled by a trusty guardian of the peace. That is evidence sufficient to the complete East Side trust in the system, at any rate.

All through the year the children are found and cared for, but it is the spring and summer months that swell the sum total so enormously. In a whole year the total was 2581, and of this number only thirty-six were unclaimed. These are kept two or three days at the expense of the city, and then taken before a justice, who decides in which institution or home they shall be placed. Many of the children are quite large—girls from the country, who get lost from their people in the shopping districts, and runaway boys, who wind up their trip in grief at Matron Travers's. Two-thirds of the number found are boys. Colored children cut a small figure in the list. For some reason unexplained, more children were found six years ago than now. Every year the list grows smaller.

These figures do not include the foundlings, who are brought to the same place. They are usually found during the night, brought at once to Mrs. Travers, and taken to a foundling asylum the next morning.

One thing that would surprise any youngster who has not been through the mill is the invariable kindness, good-nature, and comradeship that the policeman displays for his protégé. The officer carries the tired-out urchin in his arms, or they appear hand in hand—the look of mutual trust is complete. All the little ones have their own distinct achievements, and when the policeman tells his charge's story he tells it with gusto; his pride and glee are unmistakable. There is no denying it, a great deal of affection is buttoned up beneath the blue coats. One giant specimen of the Broadway Squad bent down with me over a tiny foundling in the crib behind the door. It was squalling lustily, while Mrs. Travers's attention was claimed for the moment by the new arrivals. He took the baby's apology for a fist in his own big paw, talked very decent baby-talk, and wasn't ashamed to say to me, "I like babies." And, furthermore, I never once in my visits there have seen a child enter who was not proudly possessing a banana, an orange, pennies, or some souvenir of his acquaintance with the officer. It sometimes amounts to friendship. I saw one little duffer who was not at all pleased at relinquishing his big friend's hand and at sitting among other waifs on the little chairs. His lips trembled ominously as the big fellow started to go, and it required very strategic by-play on the part of the Matron to cover up a successful exit for the policeman.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS—PARENTS WAITING FOR LOST CHILDREN.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

TRILBY.

I CAME home late the other night, and as I paced the street,
A beggar-man came up to me and begged, but not for meat.
"I ask a dime from you," said he, "lest I shall very ill be;
Before the morn I must have funds to go and purchase Trilby.
'Tis Trilby, Trilby, everywhere;
'Tis Trilby here, 'tis Trilby there;
And if the book I cannot see,
I'll die of curiosity."

I got upon a cable-car last week to go to biz,
And midst the clanging of the bells and of the cable's whiz,
The guard who took my fare remarked, "What do you think, sir, will be
The estimate of future years of this new book called Trilby?"
'Tis Trilby here, 'tis Trilby there;
'Tis Trilby, Trilby, everywhere;
Upon the cars, upon the street,
'Tis "Trilby, Trilby," all repeat.

Why, in election-times I found the tendency the same.
It made no difference how great the stake, how great the game.
If I should ask, "Will Morton or the famous Mr. Hill be
Our Governor?" the answer came: "I cannot say. Read Trilby."
'Twas Trilby, Trilby, everywhere;
'Twas Trilby here, 'twas Trilby there.
I hardly knew where I was at
With Trilby this and Trilby that.

I went into a shop to buy a volume of Carlyle.
The clerk, who was my friend, gave me a truly pitying smile.
"Pray hush!" he said. "Pray whisper low, or teetotally still be!
We've orders to arrest all those who ask for aught but Trilby.
'Tis Trilby, Trilby, everywhere;
'Tis Trilby here, 'tis Trilby there.
If you ask for Carlyle again,
They'll try to prove you've gone insane."

So here's to Little Billee, and to Taffy and the Laird!
Here's to that beauteous friendship, to which naught can be compared!
And, oh, I pray the Powers, may Du Maurier's fine skill be
Spared unto him for many a day to give us more like Trilby!
'Tis Trilby, Trilby, everywhere
On earth and on the Golden Stair.
Where'er you stay, where'er you go,
'Tis Trilby, Trilby, Trilby O!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHINA IN WAR-TIME.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE house-boat is stocked with provisions from such a grocery-house as the best we know outside the largest American cities. The coolies, in faded blue cotton, are looking me over to see whether they are to be bulldozed by the kind of European who goes everywhere with a club in hand and a curse on his lips. The lao-da, or captain, is smacking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, in Chinese fashion, to suggest how very nicely all the preliminaries have been looked after. A breeze is blowing from the right quarter, and if it holds, Chapoo is only twenty-four hours away. There are two uses to which house-boats are put in China. One is pheasant-shooting; the other is tra-la-ing. At that time the great gaudy pheasants, whose hard white meat is like our partridge flesh at home, were known to be thick among the millions of graves all over the country, and just as plenty in the open ground within the walls of the cities. But we took no guns. We were going tra-la-ing, which is to say, we were going to roam about and "look-see." It is, in the Chinese brain, one of the most extraordinary eccentricities of the European that he is fond of tra-la-ing. It amazes them that he will leave a comfortable home and all his friends to roam around the country for no pay or visible gain—even without shooting at game, as some Chinese did, until at just this time a vague rumor got afloat that if the military mandarins saw a coolie with a gun they would force him into the army.

The house-boat was the one owned by Mr. Jansen, of the Astor House hotel, and he was with me. It was a bulky sloop with a cloud of sail, like all the rest, but it had a sharp bow instead of a blunt square front, as most others have. In front was the open polished deck; in the middle was the big cabin, with its most modern European comforts; and behind was the pantry, galley, and the stern-deck for the crew.

On top of everything lay the mast, crushing the great sail, but the coolies soon pulled both up to catch the wind—the mast being cut in two and hinged at the bottom like the smoke-stacks of the steamboats on the Seine and the Thames. After we passed many Christian men-of-war (that were none of them American) it seemed to me that we found ourselves among a million Chinese vessels—perhaps more. They were not like the craft we had seen upon those inland waterways which gridiron China as if it were part of the planet Mars. They were sea-going ships and harbor boats—something like the water-craft of Japan, but bigger, of many times greater variety, and painted in colors instead of being of raw wood like the craft of the dwarfs' country. The largest junks had masts lashed to the sides, as well as the usual masts that rose through the decks. The mainmast always stood straight, and the other sticks inclined towards it backwards and forwards. The sterns of these old sea-loafers rose as high as a fall dwelling, and were cut off square, and elaborately carved and painted. Columbus, in his cabin two stories above the deck, was never so high in the world as the captain of such a junk. It was the deck that was bowed up in that fashion. Where it left the water the rudder was fastened, and as the sides were built out to the end of the ship, the rudder was buried far back in a deep dark recess. There were other large ships whose hulls flared out at the water's edge as if each was floating on a great wooden sausage or belt. All the ships carried great goggle-eyes, fastened one on each side, and looking down at the water so as to see where they were going. These eyes gave some of them a lifelike but uncanny appearance, especially the ships that rose up in front and up again behind, where their sterns ended in two flukes like the tail of a whale. They looked like great red fish thrown alive on a frying-pan and doubling up with pain. The myriad little red and white sampans, or small boats, rose very high behind, and suggested the appearance of pretty sea-shells standing on end. Some modern white cruisers and men-of-war of the provincial navy loafed at anchor idly while the Japanese were chasing and sinking other Chinese war-vessels in the north. These had been sent for by the Emperor, but he had been told that they had greater interests to guard where they were. And over the broad bay floated a wide streamer of black smoke from the great arsenal that was turning out ammunition by night as well as day in defiance of the laws of nations; for, at the request of the great powers, Japan had declared Shanghai to be neutral and out of the field of war. Taking advantage of this shelter, and trusting to the presence of the Europeans to force the Japanese to keep their pledge, the Chinese manufactured material of war there up to the day I left in November.

We reached a "barrier" just at nine o'clock at night, and there we tied up. Barriers are guarded points on the waterways for the levying of the internal customs toll on all merchandise that is floated through the empire. The customs boats were lying up for the night near the little water-side station. A guard at the station spent five minutes in blowing upon a bugle a sustained tremulous note, that was accompanied by a monotonous tattoo upon a drum. From every guard-boat up and down the stream sounded the same tattoo weirdly through the quiet night. Suddenly a gun was fired, and then another, and absolute quiet fell upon the region.

Day broke upon a great expanse of flat and vividly green rice country. On all sides were the little farms of rice, with the taller banks of the stream between it and them, and with the pumps by which the fields were flooded reaching down into the stream at frequent intervals. The only road, the tow-path, bore an incessant line of coolies, of both sexes, in loose blue coats and looser trousers. The villages in which they lived could not be seen because of the trees under which they were buried, but even a stranger knew that every thicket of luxuriant trees was the site of more or fewer farm-houses. Overhead constantly flew the great black tattered-winged turkey-buzzards, which are there called crows, and now and then for variety were seen ring-necked crows and white and black magpies.

Before half a day had gone we came into a region where there were groves of trees that did not indicate villages. These were along the waterways, and were rows of mulberry-trees, kept stunted by the service they performed. And rising high and fat among them were such trees as the celtis, the wax-tree, and the persimmon. On the same day we saw many wide and long sunken marshes at the sides of the stream. These were farms of a kind we had seen nowhere else—for the cultivation of that nut which is sold in New York as a curiosity; the one that is shaped like a pair of tiny buffalo horns, hard and smooth and brown. This is called the trapa-nut. Presently we came upon the farmers gathering these, and, lo! they were at their work in ordinary matter-of-fact wash-tubs. There were scores upon scores of these folk, and they formed as odd a picture as we saw in China. They were floating this way and that, like people out of Mother Goose's book, and the tubs were tilted toward all the points of the compass as their crews leaned this way and that to fumble in the stream for the harvest of nuts. Whole families were thus at work, paddling and circling above the weedy reaches. The father, or a father and half-grown son, would occupy one tub, while in the next were the wife and babies. It was queer to see a mother tilting her tub over as she thrust both brown arms among the leaves, while over the edge of the tub beside her appeared the black crown and beadlike eyes of a supernaturally good Chinese baby. The little children work at every trade in China, so that it caused no surprise to come upon tubs containing a five-year or six-year old boy or girl picking nuts and caring for a pudgy baby that gripped the tub's rim with one fist and beat it with the other.

These were the only farms I saw that were not dotted with graves. On that day we sent our cook to buy a quart of trapa-nuts—for some price like the fifth of a cent—and had them boiled for a side-dish at dinner. They were very pleasant to the taste—like boiled chestnuts. We had seen many joss-houses, or temples, on our way—little ones for thinly peopled farming districts, and larger ones for the towns. They were usually painted red as to the walls; for, like all other houses in China (except shops), they were enclosed by walls. Their gaudy color and the huge trees that often rose above them made them beauty-spots in a country that was all extremely pleasing. I had grown tired of seeing the greater temples, with the clumsy rows of ugly warriors guarding some bearded god in a central box; but we went into one of these little temples, and found it calm and restful. The man who kept it was nothing like a priest. He sat in an anteroom smoking a pipe, with a half-finished bowl of rice beside him. The joss-house itself was a small square room, with a god against the wall, and in front of him two or three kneeling-stands, or *prie-dieu*, exactly like those we see in Catholic countries. Beside these were crosslike posts, stuck full of the dribbling ends of red candles. Beyond the room was a microscopic open court, big enough to hold a chair and a flower and a plant in pots. We gave the old man five cents, and he followed us out doors, bowing "good-by" to us in the way that the Chinese bow—by doubling his hands into fists, and pressing them convulsively against his chest while he simultaneously bobbed his head.

At the sea-coast we came upon Chapoo, the ancient walled city that was once the principal seaport of China, and the seat of the empire's great trade with Japan. It is behind a long reach of shoal water now, for the sea has receded from it. Worse yet, only its walls tell of its former size, for seven in ten of its inhabitants were killed in the Tai-Ping rebellion which Gordon put down, though not until it had cost China more people than live in England—fifty millions of lives, some say. We climbed a high hill beside the city—a mountain all covered with an eruption of tombs. From many a tree the white-crested bulbul sung his unceasing love-chatter to his mate in a near-by bough. The only other sounds were the shouts of children, the calls of farmers to one another, the lowing of cows, and the sighing of the wind in the bamboos and the wax and tallow and elm trees. But the sights were far from being all of peace. Not only did we see how much bare ground was within Chapoo's walls to tell of the horrors of the last war, but straight before and beneath us were five stone stockades or soldier camps of troops sent in from Hoo-Nan province.

At great cost (of labor, at least) those stockades had been built, though no enemy was expected there, and though they were useless in any event. They were built of rough stone, and were six feet high and a foot thick. Each had but one gate, and sometimes that was commanded by a slender house inside and higher than the wall. Each enclosure accommodated a regiment of four hundred men, perhaps. These contrivances are relics of a primitive mode of warfare that still obtains in China, for they are mainly places to which to retreat and to fight from for soldiers who are worsted in the open field. And what soldiers they were!—a shambling disorderly mob, whose presence terrorized the people, and who during this war had been guilty of the murder of white missionaries and the sacking of missions in several parts of the empire. They were coolies of the lowest class, who had taken up the soldier life—which is the lowest in the public estimation—merely for pay sufficient to buy food. They showed the effects of no discipline, or at least no more than is reflected in this paragraph from an Anglo-Chinese newspaper. The incident occurred at Nanking.

> "The daily drilling of the soldiers has again begun, and those of us who live near the drill-ground groan in spirit as our morning slumbers are rudely disturbed by the call of the bugle, the war-cry of the spearmen, and the discharge of fire-arms. A fine illustration of the discipline observed among the troops was given here a few days ago. In the midst of the exercises three men concluded to return to the barracks. The officer remonstrated, but without effect. He then proceeded to use force, striking the men with his cane, when several other soldiers sprang from the ranks and seized his cane. The end of it was that the men went their way in peace."

We met these soldiers straggling all over the country in their baggy cotton uniforms, and finally one of their mandarins visited us to inquire into our business. We would have given him no further satisfaction than to let him depart with the belief that we were out pheasant-shooting; but when he suggested that, our fool of a boy cried out that we had no guns—that he could look in the cabin and see that we had none. It will give the reader an idea of how troops are regarded in China to know that we spent an anxious night after that, more than half expecting that the soldiers would attack us if the news that we had no guns got abroad. Mr. Jansen said that in the thirty years he had been in China he had never been more nervous and apprehensive.

In the boat's cabin I read several works that dealt with the Tai-Ping rebellion, and these again showed me how little warlike the Chinese are, in spite of the fact that the Tai-Ping was the most fearful of all rebellions. Every one of these bloody records told how the terror-stricken people slaughtered themselves in panics of fright. Even at the approach of the Tai-Pings thousands in cities that had not yet surrendered cut their own throats, drowned themselves, and in various ways made away with their trembling lives. True, the custom of the rebels was to fall tooth and nail upon the imperialists, and the carnage was everywhere fearful, yet it is now seen that millions escaped, and thousands who promised allegiance to the rebel cause were enlisted or let alone. As a typical instance of Chinese valor, I remember the published story of a survivor. The writer was a literary graduate, the son of a rich man of the better class. That he was not ashamed to write what he did and to publish it reveals the spirit of the Chinese mind, for I know of no other country in which such a document would be put forth. He pretended to hold to the imperial cause and principles, but instead of fighting for them, he and all his male relatives ran or hid. His mother and sisters were murdered, and no hand was raised for them. The rebels were still about, and a number—twenty, I think—of his relatives and others hid in a small house. They were all armed, and all resolved to sell their lives at great cost to the rebels. Their talk was excessively valorous. But suddenly a solitary rebel discovered their shelter, and knocked and called out for admittance. "His voice was so terrible"—I recall the spirit rather than the words of the graduate—"that we were seized with alarm and opened the door. We determined to kill him rather than surrender. We opened the door, and then his face was so devilish, his roaring voice was so dreadful, and his oaths were so terrible"—that all of them went off with him as prisoners.

It is known that here at Chapoo when the English took the city the people ran away at first, and then came back and fed and worked for the enemy. In 1860, when the French and English marched on Peking, the plain people proved as often friendly as hostile. I continually read that the northern Chinese are fighting animals. It is presumably true; but they are only one of the many sorts of men who make up China. Why find fault with them? They would argue that they are civilized beyond the fighting stage.

TUSITALA.*

IN Samoa where ships go by
They laid thee in thy cradle high,
Unto the star of morning nigh,
Tusitala.

They looked to windward and to lee,
Over the warm world and the sea:
They saw none other like to thee,
Tusitala.

Ever those simple hearts that ache
Shall love their mountain for thy sake,
Dear dust the North can never take,
Tusitala.

Soft with that fragrant sunshine blend
Our Prince of Beauty, and their friend!
Brave was thy course, and sweet thine end,
Tusitala.

* The name given by the natives to Robert Louis Stevenson.

knowledge of gunnery, I had made the mistake of having my projectile heavier than my gun. As a consequence the projectile rested where it was and the gun shot back. I was clinging to the breech, and went with it. The trajectory which we, the cannon and I, described was said to be very beautiful, and was observed by the entire army. We struck the ground about three miles back of the Union lines. Leaving the unfortunate piece of ordnance where it fell, I returned to my battery."

"Then your idea was of no practical value?" said Robinson, as Jones paused in his narration.

"On the contrary, it ended the siege. The next day General Banks reversed every cannon in our lines, loaded them with shafting, and threw them into the enemy, with such effect that what little was left of him surrendered."

"Does Bancroft mention this?" asked Jackson Peters, softly.

"Bancroft wasn't there, and knew nothing about it," answered Jones. H. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XX.—AT PORT HUDSON.

"I LED a rather quiet life in the army," remarked Jones. "I had no horses shot from under me. By-the-way, it has always seemed to me that we owe an inestimable and little recognized debt to the attraction of gravitation. If it had not been for this salutary force, the air of many States, at the end of the late war, would have been wellnigh filled with able brigadier-generals whose horses had been shot from under them, and who had not been hauled down yet."

"You were in the cavalry arm of the service, were you not?" asked Smith.

"Principally, though I was connected at different times with the infantry and artillery as well," answered Jones, guardedly. "I had a fine horse, which I called Hot Cakes. He was a very quick horse. One day when the bugle sounded the charge he started so suddenly that his tail dropped off."

"Now hold on, Jones," said Jackson Peters, firmly; "I've heard that story before."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," replied Jones, with the greatest blandness. "The whole brigade saw the incident happen. Perhaps you got it from the history you studied at school. Bancroft mentions it.

"My service with the artillery," continued Jones, "while lacking the dash of my connection with the cavalry, was really of much more importance to the country. I became interested in the artillery through so often charging up to the cannon's mouth. After a year's acquaintance with this disagreeable and petulant end of the cannon I determined to get into touch with the other end, and accordingly got transferred to the artillery. I soon found myself a colonel, and in charge of a small battery.

"At the siege of Port Hudson an incident occurred which may be worth repeating. It was during the first day's bombardment that my attention was attracted to the small amount of apparent injury inflicted on the enemy in return for the expenditure in labor, ammunition, and noise. That night it happened that I did not sleep well, my throat being hot and parched from lack of water, the tin cup having been shot out of my hand every time I had tried to take a drink all day. While tossing on my feverish cot I conceived the notion that the difficulty, with my battery at least, was that the projectiles were not heavy enough. At the first streak of light, my tent having been shot out of existence during the night, I walked away from my cot, summoned my orderly, and made a requisition for a certain eight-inch steel shaft which I happened to know was within our lines. It had been taken from a dismantled ironclad, where it had served as the ram, and was but a short piece some six or seven feet long. My heaviest gun was an eight-inch smooth-bore, and I had decided to use this shaft as a projectile, and tear a breach through the enemy which would hopelessly cripple him.

"At about six o'clock the piece of ram was brought to me. I instantly caused a double charge of powder to be inserted in the eight-inch gun, and then had the shaft forced home on top of it. It was a close fit, which pleased me, as it assured accuracy in firing, and if my aim was good I doubted not to do terrible execution. We were behind earth-works, on a bluff overlooking the enemy's position. My guns pointed downward at a small but noticeable angle. At eight o'clock the bombardment opened sharply all along the line. It was the heaviest firing I ever experienced. I worked the remainder of my battery vigorously for half an hour, then I determined to give the enemy my eight-inch. I had decided to aim the piece myself. Stepping to it, I leaned forward against the breech, put my head down closely, and aimed with the greatest care. My nerve was firm as iron. I felt that the moment for crushing the rebellion had come. The aim was perfect. I touched the vent with my cigar.

"Gentlemen, I have to confess to a miscalculation. Though possessing a thorough

DO YOU HAVE ASTHMA?

If you do, you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery that they are sending out free by mail large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma who send their name and address on a postal card. Write to them.—[*Adv.*]

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable, . . . Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by WALTER BAKER & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.—[*Adv.*]

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Of wearing work on wearied brain,
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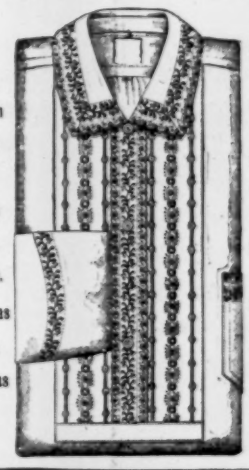

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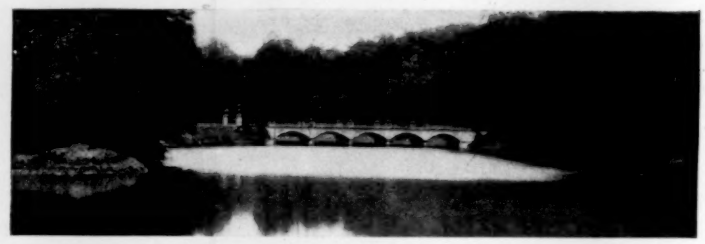
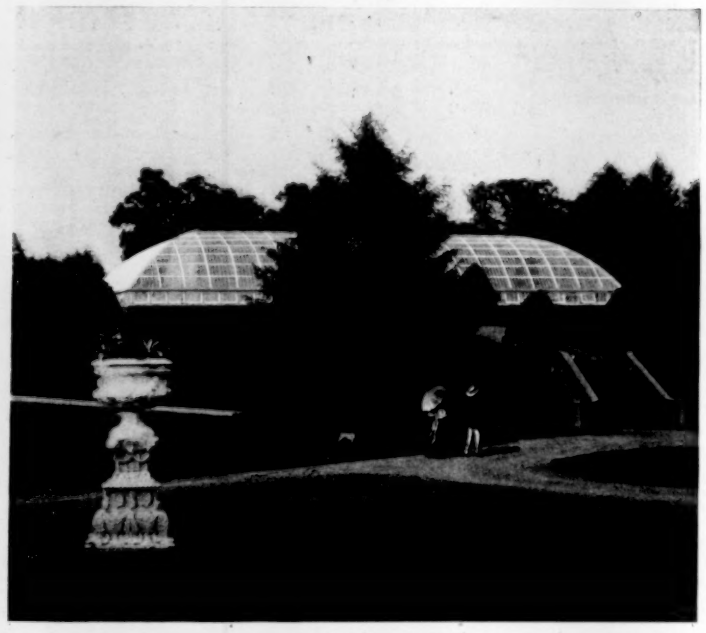


THE BRIDGE OVER THE LAKE.

EXTERIOR OF THE COW-BARN.

THE GRAPERIES, WITH VEGETABLE GARDEN AND GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

THE POULTRY HOUSE AND PENS.



THE PALM-HOUSE AND CONSERVATORY.

ELLERSLIE, GOVERNOR MORTON'S HOME AT RHINEBECK, NEW YORK.

LEVI P. MORTON'S HOME.

ELLERSLIE, which was originally the home of the late William Kelley, and which was so well known to the Sunday-school children all along the Hudson (who went there on many a happy occasion on excursions) as "Kelley's," was purchased by Mr. Morton several years ago, after the death of the original owner. Little remains now of the old "Kelley's" but the ground; a new mansion has been erected, as well as new buildings of every description, since Mr. Morton bought it. The estate is situated in the town of Rhinebeck, in Dutchess County, New York, about two miles south of Rhinecliff station on the Hudson River Railroad, and extends back from the river line to and beyond the old post-road known as the Dutchess and Columbia County Turnpike. The place is divided into what may properly be designated as the park and the farm.

The park consists of a series of well-kept lawns, shaded drives, embowered walks, woodland dells, beautiful flower gardens, a lake (across which is sprung a pretty bow bridge), greenhouses, and shady bowers. The grounds are enriched with fine specimens of our native forest trees, besides ornamental trees and shrubbery brought from all parts of the temperate zone in many other countries. The mansion, a handsome Elizabethan structure, stands upon a shady plateau, offering to the visitor a grand vista of the noble Hudson north and south for at least a hundred miles, while in the south the Highlands of the Hudson are visible. Across the river a magnificent scene is presented. From the river's bank the vine-clad hills of Ulster rise into the low range of the Esopus Mountains, which form the northern spur of the verdure-clad Shawangunks, far away to the southwest. Overtopping these, far away to the north and west, rise the lofty peaks of the azure Catskills, Mount Cornell, the Wittenberg, Slide Mountain, Peakamoose, the "Overlook," that mountain of romance where Natty Bumppo stood and watched the burning of Kingston by the British and Hessians in the long ago, and the precipitous castellated peak of old Round Top.

The farm, which is separated from the park, lies below the slope of the hill toward the river, and is hidden from the house by a grove of sugar-locusts. The farm buildings are about a quarter of a mile distant from the mansion, and consist of the immense new barn for the stabling of Mr. Morton's large drove of blooded Guernsey and Jersey cattle, a dairy and engine-house, the farm-house where his superintendent, Mr. Cottrell, lives, and various other buildings. The great barn is a model building, and is the largest structure of its kind in America, excepting only the great barn at Shelburne Farms, the Vermont home of Dr. William Seward Webb.

The barn at Ellerslie is five hundred feet in length, with a double row of stalls on each side, and a broad driveway through the centre. Each stall is the home of a gentle dreamy-eyed Guernsey cow, whose pedigree is registered on her stall. In the mows overhead is stored the enormous quantity of hay necessary for their feeding through the winter. The amount of milk these cattle yield is enormous, and when the stalwart men who milk them are at work there is a constant procession of pails containing the rich lacteal fluid to the creamery, where, by machinery, it is turned into rich yellow butter while you wait.

Another prominent feature of the farm is the hennery. Here by artificial incubation every egg that can be produced on the place or bought from the surrounding farmers is run through the glass-enclosed incubators, to come out in due time a living fowl. As soon as the little chicks can peck for themselves they are put into grading-houses, where they are nurtured on warm food and sheltered by the brooders. The grading-houses or coops contain chickens from those newly hatched to those ready for the table. About twenty-five per cent. of the chickens hatched in the incubators die, which is said to be a little above the loss where the chicks have a natural mother to look after them. Ducks are bred in the same way as the chickens, but fewer die, as they are a hardier race of fowls.

The flower gardens and the greenhouses at Ellerslie form an important feature of the place. In them are bred choice exotics, while hot-house grapes, peaches, cucumbers, radishes, lettuce, and garden-truck of all kind, even the succulent water-cress, are ready for the picking the year round.

Mr. Morton's estate includes nearly a thousand acres of ground, and has on it some choice partridge and quail cover; yet he never allows them to be disturbed, and it is a common sight to see alongside the shaded drives in the summer an old female partridge brooding her young in supreme indifference to human presence. Mr. Morton employs a small army of workmen on his place, most of whom live in the pretty cottages on the farm. Although he has been chosen chief of this great commonwealth, life at Ellerslie will go on much the same as usual. Mr. Morton will go to Albany, but he will still consider Ellerslie his home, where, with his wife and five daughters, he has established a veritable Eden.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

THAT Lord Randolph Churchill reached England and completed his tour around the world is more than was expected by those who saw that distinguished statesman when he left this continent for Asia. Physically he was very ill, but mentally he was worse. There were several physicians on board the *Empress of Japan* that carried him and Lady Churchill, their physicians and servants, to Yokohama, and it was the opinion of some of them that he would not leave Japan alive. He grew very much worse on the voyage. At the outset he was petulant and irritable, but soon an ominous calmness, at times almost a lethargic quietness, grew upon him. His malady was one of the forms of softening of the brain, and this change was called a very bad symptom. His face, thin, wrinkled, and melancholy, was pitiful to look upon. He easily got sympathy, because he fought hard and hoped intensely to get well. And he was invariably courteous and kindly in his relations with the other passengers. Found walking the main deck in great agitation, because the noise of a concert in the saloon drove sleep from his pillow, he was told that every one would be glad to end the entertainment if he so desired. "Not for the world," said he; "they must not be miserable because I am. They are happy, and I beg that they be not disturbed." He was as considerate and manly in every situation.

The trend of his thoughts and his talk excited the commiseration of all who were interested in him. It was solely of the great public work he would do when he got back to England cured, for he never doubted that out-of-door exercise in the warm air of Japan would restore his health. After that he thought to begin work at once with a study of the new boundary of India and the condition of Burmah.

Lady Churchill's devotion to her husband won for her the admiration of all who saw them abroad. Vigorous and active, and still a great beauty, she gave up every other pleasure to give him constant and loving care.

AMATEVR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has just left on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the musk-ox, the wood-bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

THE first annual exhibition of the Horse Show Association of San Francisco opened at the Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on the morning of November 28th, and closed at midnight December 1st. Nearly 350 horses were entered for competition, and more than 140 exhibitors responded to the call of the association. The value of the prizes offered amounted to $10,205, the larger proportion being in cash, and the balance in solid silver cups costing from $150 to $600 each.

On the opening morning the total net liabilities amounted to over $23,000. At the close of the show there was a small margin of profit over and above every expenditure, and thousands of visitors had been given a novel and exceedingly interesting four days' entertainment. The show, indeed, was surprisingly good, a success socially as well as financially, and from an equine stand-point interesting and instructive. So very good, indeed, was the management that it was wellnigh impossible to believe that it was the first horse show ever held in California. It naturally was a test show, an experiment, an untried novelty. But few knew what to do. The mere matter of arranging the stables and the arena was no inconsiderable labor, while the work of judging entries and classifying the hundreds of horses was indescribably severe upon the managers.

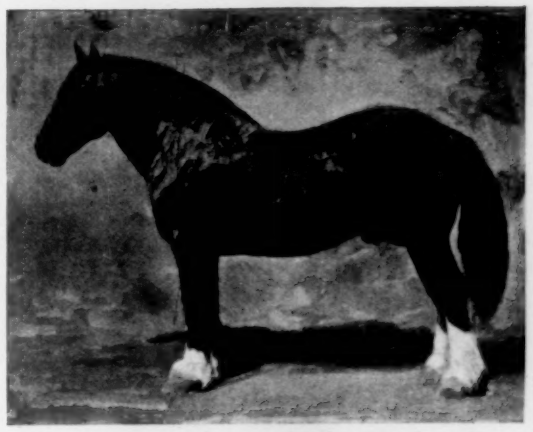
But notwithstanding the many discouraging circumstances, and in spite of a few vexatious mistakes, which had to be corrected, the exhibition was a practically unqualified success. From the great arena, larger even than that at Madison Square Garden, to the light clean stables, everything was in perfect order. So tidy and well arranged were the stables that the most daintily dressed visitor could wander there with perfect unconcern for dress or shoes. Horses were groomed until their coats were like satin. The more valuable animals occupied roomy box-stalls, and held hourly receptions. In the ring, events succeeded each other rapidly, and no accidents of any kind occurred to mar the enjoyment of the visitors. The stallions and trotters, the polo and Shetland ponies, the beautiful hackneys, and the famous representatives of many widely known stables, were collectively and individually a revelation. Their presence in the arena created great enthusiasm. As midnight of the last day drew near, the vast audience still lingered, and when, as a grand finale, the winners of ribbons and cash and heavy silver cups were led for the last time around the ring where they had gained their honors, they were greeted with loud and long-continued applause.

As an exhibition of horses there was no reason to doubt the success of this first California show. That it was a success in other particulars as well was surprising, because everybody knew the management was without experience, and nobody was sure of the social popularity it would enjoy. Mr. Henry J. Crocker, however, the president of the association and the originator of the enterprise, never doubted the ultimate outcome, and devoted months to the work he had undertaken. He became, in fact, the one financial backer, and made himself personally liable for considerably over $20,000. From the day of the issuing of the first prospectus he and Mr. Robert A. Irving, the secretary of the association, attended personally to every detail. But few responses were had to the first call upon owners of breeding-farms, and even at the last a few of the largest stock farms were not represented. This will hardly be so another year. And it may now be reasonably expected that California will have an annual exhibition of horses that will equal, if indeed it will not surpass, in interest and in importance that of any similar show in the country.

California is the natural home of the horse. Because of the climatic advantages the State enjoys, he reaches a perfection he can attain nowhere else. There is no winter, and nature helps rather than retards. California-bred horses are exported over all the world, and those bred in the State and sold to other parts of the country bring in an annual cash return of over half a million dollars. The breeding-farms of the late Senator Stanford, at Palo Alto, of Haggin and Tevis, near Bakersfield, in the San Joaquin Valley, are world famous. If any State in the country could make an interesting and successful exhibition, then surely California could do so. It had only to draw upon its home products.

The present show was distinctively a great object-lesson, instructive no less than highly interesting, and teaching more in its four days' session than could have been learned in any other way in as many years. Californians, as a rule, are genuine lovers of the horse, but their opportunities of studying him at his best have until now been limited and uncertain. The majority have been unable to visit the large ranches where the best stock was raised, and at country fairs and races the attendance has been purely local. Hitherto but little attention has been paid to "form" in riding or driving or general equipment, but from now on, thanks to the San Francisco show, one need not be ignorant regarding either horse or equipment. An illustration of perfection has been shown, and Californians are apt pupils.

It was impossible to judge which event created the most enthusiasm at the show. The four-in-hands and up-to-date coaches and drags, the light-footed sinewy jumpers, the prancing stallions and trotters, had each a share of the generous applause. Even the small boy will know a hackney now when he sees one, and the proper functions of footmen will no longer be a mystery. Perhaps the jumping events and parades of the four-in-hands appeared to please the most, but the great stallions, Salvator, Tenny, Islington, and Sir Modred never entered the arena without awakening great enthusiasm. As for the ponies, some of them no larger than good-sized Newfoundland dogs, and with pedigrees larger than themselves, none saw them but to admire. Hungarian, Arabian, and Shetlands, all were there, some of them led, some ridden, some driven to tiny phaetons. Polo ponies, ridden by Burlingame Country Club men, took wild leaps over low hurdles; nervous and fidgety and blooded hunters made clean records over five-barred gates. Islington was there, and Rey El Santa Anita; and Directum, outclassing all, and driven to sulky to show his form; and Senator L., valued at $50,000; Alcona Jun., Emperor of Norfolk, Dawn, Charles Derby, Chloe, and Monelio.



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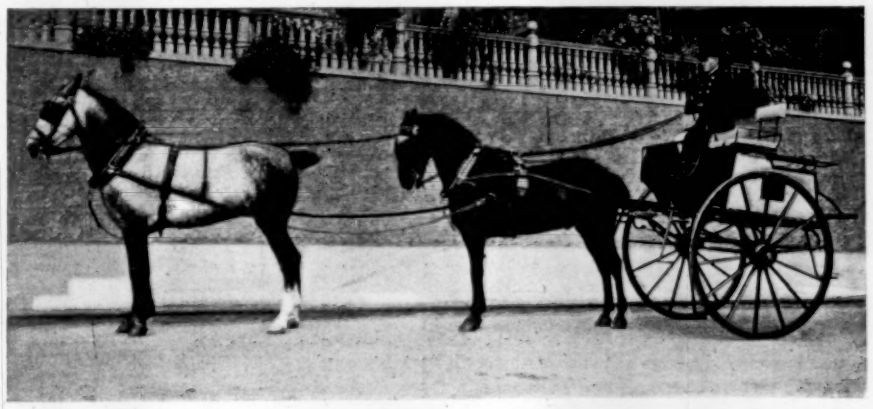
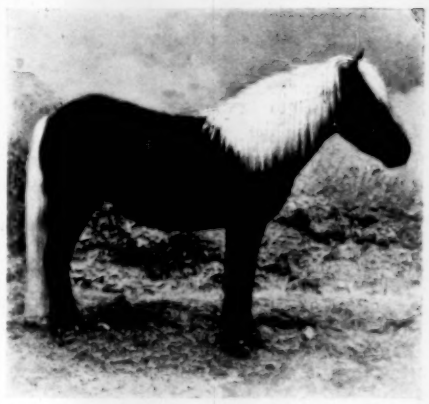
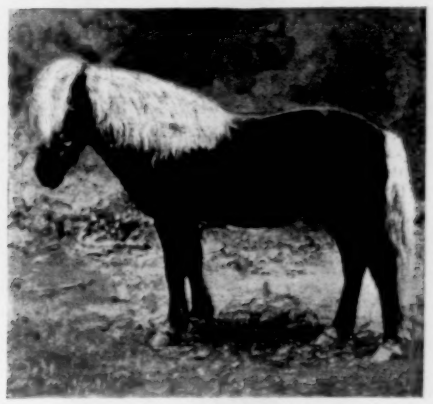


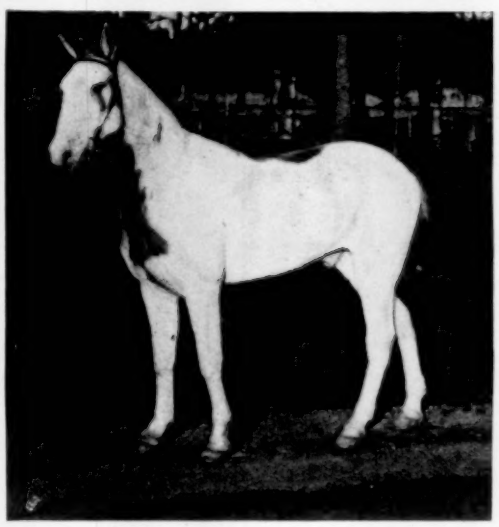
MR. WALTER HOBART'S TANDEM.



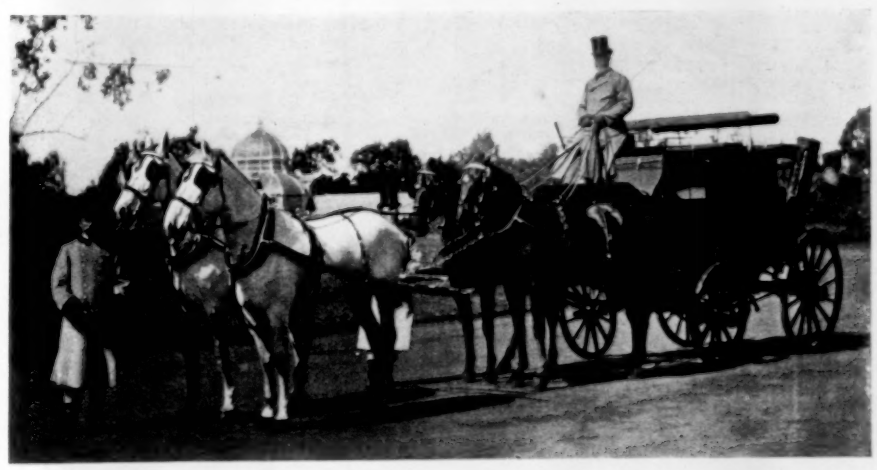
HUNGARIAN PONY MARE DUCHESS.
Mr. A. W. Foster.



HUNGARIAN PONY STALLION CARLISLE.
Mr. A. W. Foster.



POLO PONY JUMPING JACK.
Mr. H. R. Simpkins.



MR. THEODORE KEARNEY, COACH AND FOUR.

The official classification of stallions, hackneys, trotters, ponies, roadsters, polo ponies, and hunters was large and complete. The two hackney stallions imp. Paragon and imp. Green's Rufus were each given a blue ribbon, and their three-year-olds got cash prizes. Prizes for coaching stallions, three years old or over, shown in hand, included $75 in cash and a $150 silver cup. Five entries were catalogued, and the first prize was given John Parrott's imp. Socrates, bay, 16.1, eight years old. For horses in harness $410 was given, $410 in prizes for carriage-horses, and $185 and a $200 silver cup for "horses, carriages, and appointments." The classes were well filled. For tandems there were $180 in cash and a $150 silver cup.

The judges chosen for the delicate task of passing upon the merits of the various entries gave general satisfaction, and were as follows:

Thoroughbreds—Colonel H. I. Thornton, John Mackey, Joseph B. Ferguson. Trotters—Joseph C. Simpson, Monroe Salisbury, John F. Boyd, Orrin A. Hickok. Hackneys—Reginald W. Rives. Coaching stallions, pony stallions, and brood-mares—John Mackey, Reginald W. Rives, C. C. McIver. Horses in harness—Major J. L. Rathbone, Reginald W. Rives, John Parrott. Tandems, four-in-hands, ponies in harness—Reginald W. Rives. Ponies under saddle, saddle-horses—W. O'B. Macdonough, R. M. Tobin, J. C. Chinn, Thomas Williams, Major J. L. Rathbone. Draught and Fire-department horses—James McNab, Colonel C. L. Taylor, A. W. Foster.

Four-in-hands were given prizes of $300 cash and $300 in silver cups, W. S. Hobart taking the first prize for mares or geldings, four years old or over, shown before coach or body break. For Park teams, John Parrott's four and coach was awarded the first prize.

For saddle-horses, Class 43, stallion, mare, or gelding, four years old or over, carrying up to 160 pounds, the first prize was a complete riding outfit valued at $100. There was also a second prize of $35. There were twelve entries. In Class 44, ladies' saddle-horses, four years or over, prizes of $110, there were six entries. In Class 45 A, for "best polo pony, to be shown around bending poles," Mr. Harry R. Simpkins's Jumping Jack, Pinto G., 13¾, captured the $150 silver cup presented by Mr. H. J. Crocker. In Class 51, "middle-weight hunters," Mr. W. S. Hobart's bay mare Huntress took first prize of $75, and gave a beautiful exhibition of hurdle and bar jumping. In the jumping class for "ponies fourteen hands one inch or under," Mr. R. M. Tobin's Galloping Dick was the winner. For draught-horses over 1500 pounds, best pair, were prizes of $30 and $15, and for Normans, Percherons, English Shires, Clydesdales, Suffolk Punches, jacks, jennies, and mules, prizes of $595 and a $200 silver cup. In Class 6, "trotters, stallion, four years old or over, kept for service," the cash prizes amounted to $150 cash in addition to a $600 solid silver cup. The winner was Alcona Jun.

It will be seen from the above partial list of classes and prizes that generous awards were made to competitors.

It is to be regretted, if one may mildly criticise what was generally so good, that a better exhibition of jumping was not given, and that at least one lady rider should not have appeared in the ring to show what is correct form in dress, seat, and horse-equipment. With only a few exceptions the gentlemen jockeys were poor riders, taking frequent "croppers" and falls, and being very shaky in their saddles. A jumping exhibition that creates a laugh in the audience is an unfortunate occurrence. I am inclined to believe that nobody in the audience saw a gentleman jockey land *in the saddle* after a hurdle jump. In polo ponies the average size may be said to have been slightly excessive. Mr. Hobart's bay mare Huntress was deservedly popular, and made remarkably clear jumps.

The exhibition of a typical California freight team of nine pairs of mules, driven by one man, created much enthusiasm, and the municipal horses had a fair quota of praise. In the stables the Hungarian and Shetland ponies were greatly petted, and proved very amiable little companions.

That the show will be repeated next year, and on a larger scale, seems among the certainties. The association is composed of wealthy lovers of good horses, who are now thoroughly awake to the importance of an annual exhibition of high-bred animals. Society has taken most kindly to the show, and its effect will be widespread. Too much praise cannot be given those who made the present exhibition a success. The disadvantages under which they labored cannot be told or appreciated. Their work was in a new, untried field. If they had achieved only a moderate success the result would have been commendable. That they made so phenomenal a success is wonderful. It was a great undertaking, grandly carried out.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

MISS PENTONVILLE'S ADVERTISEMENT.

MISS PENTONVILLE had very pale yellow hair, with here and there a streak of brown that made you wonder whether it was once yellow and was turning brown, or whether it was once brown and was turning yellow. She wore it parted in the middle, brushed quite straight on the sides, and braided around her head at the back. Her eyes were a light blue, and protruding. They looked at you in a half-scared, beseeching way, seeming to want to apologize for being so ugly. Her teeth were large and irregular, and showed an unnecessary amount of gum when she talked, which was all the time, so that you were always conscious of the gums, try as you would to forget them.

Her clothes were simple and neat. It did not make much difference from which side you looked at her, for unless you happened to see her face, it would have been hard to tell one view from another. This, I am sure, she was quite unconscious of, for she would talk for a long time about the fit of her waist.

Miss Pentonville was about forty-five years old, and an English governess. I happened to come across her one winter in Paris. I was staying there for a few weeks with an artist friend of mine at a "pension" near the Arc de Triomphe, kept by a very nice English woman. And Miss Pentonville was there looking for a position as English governess in a French family going south for the winter. She sat opposite me at table, and I had a great many opportunities thrust upon me to become acquainted with her physiognomy at least. I cannot help doubting if any one at this late day will ever become well acquainted with her character. That there was some one once in the long ago who knew her well, and even loved her, I am quite sure. She would sometimes hint of a romance, and a far-away look would come into her face that was almost pathetic. Everything that she said and did seemed surrounded by a sort of halo of guileless innocence. I do not know how else to describe it. I could not help wondering what form her innocence must have taken at eighteen, if at forty-five it showed itself in her every word and look!

Her dream was to visit the south of France—Nice in particular—once more. There was always an emphasis on the "once more" that told a tale of joy and of suffering of the time before. But that was too sacred for us to know. She had been waiting for three months to find the place that she wanted, but with no success. Her patience was untiring. She came to breakfast every morning with a look of "Don't you think *this* will be the day?" on her face that really made me want to transform myself into a French woman with several daughters bound for Nice, and in search of an English "Mees" just like Miss Pentonville.

One evening we were at dinner, but Miss Pentonville's place was vacant.

"I hope she is not ill," I said to Miss Halliday, who sat at the head of the table, and presided over her family with motherly kindness.

"No. I met her just as she was going out. She told me she had had an answer to an advertisement she put in the paper about going south with a family for the winter, and she was going to call on the lady. She seemed very much elated, poor soul. I hope for her sake it will amount to something. I suppose she has been detained."

At this moment Miss Pentonville came in. Yes, she certainly was elated. She looked very different from any way I had ever seen her before. Her face was flushed, and her hair even was a little bit ruffled. Her eyes looked quite dark and flashing. She gave a little gasp as she took her seat, and looked around the table, wondering why, I am sure, we all were not as excited as she was, and did not all ask her at once the questions she was burning to answer.

"Oh," she said, looking from one to the other, "I think—I *think* I am going to Nice."

The moment she had unburdened her soul of this great news she became quite pale. "I shall know for sure tomorrow, when I have seen the lady."

"Why, didn't you see her this afternoon?" broke in Miss Halliday.

"No; she was out. I waited a long time—a very long time, I think. It must have been several hours. It was two when I left here—wasn't it, Miss Halliday?—and now it is after seven. It took me almost an hour to get there, and I had to go up five flights of stairs. I was so tired I didn't mind waiting very much."

"But didn't the lady come in before you left? I thought she made an appointment with you?" I asked.

I saw there was something about it that was not quite clear in Miss Pentonville's mind, and that at once made it interesting. Her experiences always had a flavor distinctly their own; and her awkward, shy way of telling you added much to their charm. Just now she was looking at me with the wonder of a child.

"Tell us about it, Miss Pentonville," I said. "We are all so glad you have the opportunity of going south."

"Well," she said, "the apartment was 'way over in the Latin Quarter, and I thought I would never get up the stairs. I had to sit down and rest for a while on the top of the fourth flight. When I knocked at the door a gentleman opened it, just a little way, and peeped out. He looked at me, and then he closed it again right away. I heard a great deal of talking and whispering going on inside, and some one laughed. I was afraid I had come to the wrong place, but it was the only door, and I was sure the concierge had said it was the top floor. I waited a long time and then I knocked again. This time the gentleman opened the door quite wide, and I told him I wanted to see Madame Dupré, who had written me in answer to my advertisement. He told me she was out, and I said I would like to wait for her, for she had written me to come. He told me to come in then and sit down. I sat for a long time in the *antichambre*. It was so cold there I could see my breath, and I had to walk up and down to keep warm. Perhaps my walking disturbed some one, for after a while the gentleman came out of a room and asked me if I would not like to come in and sit by the fire. He said he hoped I would not mind Monsieur Dupré being in bed, but that he was very ill, and this was the only room that had a fire. I sat down gladly, and warmed my feet, and then I undid my wrap for fear of taking cold if I should have to go out and sit in that *antichambre* again. Monsieur Dupré was in bed. He looked terribly ill, and was as white as the sheet. I asked him how long it would be before madame came in, and he said he did not think it would be long. Then he coughed a great deal, and the well gentleman gave him some medicine. I asked when they expected to go to Nice, and he said next week. His voice was very feeble and shaky. I told him about my references. They are from some of the best families in England, you know, and I am never ashamed to show them to any one. He asked me to read them out loud. I read three of them, and he said madame would be delighted with them. The well gentleman said perhaps I had better come in the morning and see Madame Dupré, as she was so late. But I thought it would be too bad not to see her to-day, for I might miss my chance of going to Nice, so I said I did not mind waiting a little longer. I had come so very far it seemed too bad to return without seeing her.

"He went out of the room then, and in a moment opened the door that led into the next room, and I saw the funniest-looking person I had ever seen. Really, Miss Halliday, I wish you could have seen him. It was a man dressed in some kind of a white wrapper, with a red sash around his waist, and a velvet cap on his head. He was jumping up and down, and the other man was trying to put him in the closet. Every time he would get him just inside the door he would jump out again. I was afraid once he would come into the room where I was. And it made the sick gentleman nervous, I am sure, to see him, for he coughed almost all the time the door was open. Perhaps he was in a draught. I was so glad when he closed the door I almost cried. Then the well gentleman came back, and told me that was a crazy man in there, and asked me if I was not afraid of him. I told him no, I was used to crazy people; my father was a little crazy for a while before he died. I thought if the crazy man was a member of the family it was best not to appear frightened, and I did not think it likely that *he* would go to Nice.

"I began to fasten my wrap, for I thought perhaps I had better go. It seemed to be getting dark outside, and besides, the sick gentleman sat up in bed, as though he was going to get up. So I thought it would be better to leave, and not wait for madame any longer. I think the idea of the crazy man being so near upset me a little."

When Miss Pentonville stopped talking she still had an expression of childlike wonder on her face.

"I never listened to such an extraordinary tale," said Miss Halliday, and she looked at Miss Pentonville for a moment very much as though she doubted her sanity.

But Miss Pentonville was quite oblivious to everything. "I must make an early start to-morrow, so as to get there before madame goes out," she said.

"Surely, surely, Miss Pentonville, you are not going *back there again!*" I remonstrated.

Before Miss Pentonville had finished her story I had begun to understand a little of what it all meant, and that she certainly must be kept from returning.

Together, Miss Halliday and I persuaded her to give it up. It was a difficult task, however. The thought of her dearly loved shore fading farther and farther from her sight was a hard one to bear. And all she had to look forward to was another period of waiting and watching for some one who would take her there.

The next morning, over our coffee and rolls, she handed me a letter that had come in the early mail, and asked me to read it aloud. It was written in French, but I translated it as I read. It began, "Mademoiselle":

"MADEMOISELLE PENTONVILLE,—We enclose a post-office order for two francs, which, we hope, will pay the expenses of your trip to the Rue S— this afternoon—an afternoon that must have occasioned you some surprise, if not amusement, as we had hoped it might.

"It is now our duty, as well as our pleasure, to explain to you that the three gentlemen you saw this afternoon were medical students—'Monsieur Dupré,' 'the crazy man,' and myself making the three. We were dining together, as is our custom, last Monday evening, and happened to read your advertisement in the *Petit Journal*. Mademoiselle, in all kindness let us say that the *Petit Journal* is not the best paper in which for you to advertise. You are a stranger in Paris, and will allow us, who have lived here all our lives, to give you this advice.

"The thought came into our minds to answer you, only 'pour passer le temps,' not intending anything more serious than a joke at the expense of some pretty young English girl. The disappointments this afternoon were not confined to yourself.

"When we had once let you inside the doors of our highly located apartment, you will remember you were very much inclined to remain with us. For that reason we were obliged to resort to all the devices within our power to persuade you that it would be better to leave. We pray you to pardon us if in so doing we transgressed upon your ideas of English propriety.

"And now, mademoiselle, let us tell you a very strange coincidence. This evening, as we were recounting our silly pranks to a lady, a friend of ours—who scolded us well, let me assure you—she said: 'Do you know, *I* want an English governess to go south with me and my daughter next month. And I shall go to-morrow morning and call upon your friend myself, as she probably would not care to follow any further instructions from you.'

"So, mademoiselle, we hope that you will be at home, and that, after all, you may achieve the great desire of your heart, and that it may in some way compensate you for your inconvenience of this afternoon.

"Trusting that the truthfulness of our explanation will in a measure restore your good opinion, and with our respectful salutations,

"J. DE R.
"F. S. B.
"R. V. D."

We were much interested and delighted with this letter, confirming our theories of the previous evening.

And Miss Pentonville?

I looked in upon her a moment later in the morning, and found her packing her trunk in confident preparation for her southern trip.

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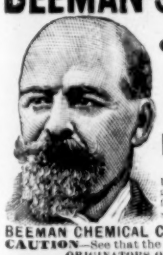

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